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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES

08

2000AD PROGS
376 - 423
YEAR:
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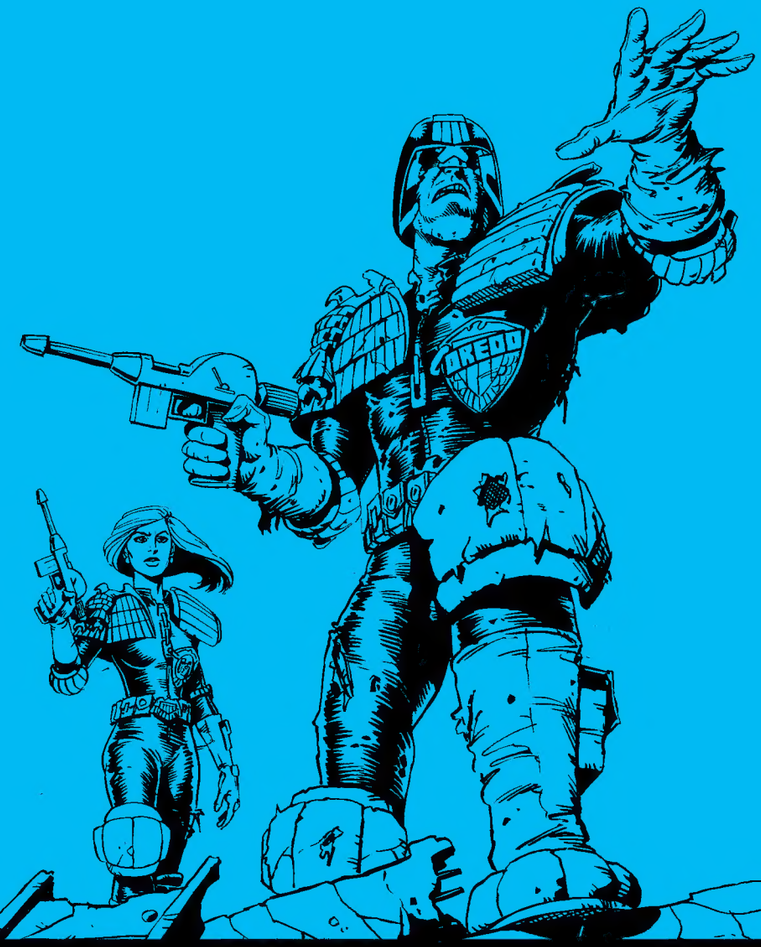

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THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 08

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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 08

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 08

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JUDGE DREDD

HAPPY 100 C.J.

ON THE ROOF GARDEN OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S **JOSEPH SOPER BLOCK**, WEALTHY POLYPROPYLOP MAGNATE **C.J. REXEL** CELEBRATES HIS **HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY** IN STYLE -

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... RAISE YOUR GLASSES IN A **TOAST TO C.J.!**

MARVELLOUS IDEA, THE BALLOON, WHAT?

A GIFT FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN POLYPROPYLOP FACTORIES, C.J. A SMALL TOKEN OF THEIR **ESTEEM** FOR SUCH A GREAT **GUY!**

KRAAK!

MOLEY! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT THE BALLOON!

INCENDIARY!

HELL! IT'S COMING DOWN ON US!

JUDGE

QUIET BRAVO BRAVO

MICK McMAHON

JOSEPH

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T FRAME

AAAGH!

AAIEEE!

LOOK – LIKE A GIANT BIRTHDAY CANDLE!

THAT MUST BE **SOME** PARTY!

NON-FIRE-TREATED SILKEEN POLYPROP MELTS AT A TEMPERATURE OF 325 DEGREES CENTIGRADE. NO-ONE ON THE ROOFTOP GARDEN ESCAPES –

BY THE TIME THE FIRE SERVICES ARRIVE ON THE SCENE, JOE SOPER'S TOP THREE FLOORS ARE ABLAZE. IT TAKES ALMOST HALF AN HOUR TO QUENCH THE FLAMES.

THE DEATH TOLL IS 173.

JUDGE DREDD OVERFLIES THE DISASTER –

OVER A HUNDRED DEAD AT THE PARTY ALONE, DREDD. THE POLYPROPYLOP **CONGEALED** AROUND THEM, CUTTING OFF THE OXYGEN – MOST OF THEM DIED FROM ASPHYXIATION.

I SEE.

IN EFFECT, **SHRINK-WRAPPED.**

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

IF IT **WAS** AN ACCIDENT!

ON THE GROUND, DREDD ASSEMBLES A TASK FORCE –

WE WORK ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE BALLOON DIDN'T CATCH FIRE ON ITS OWN. *SOMEONE* **SHOT** IT DOWN.

TOUCH OF BLOCK RIVALRY, YOU MEAN ?

IT'S A POSSIBILITY WE CAN'T IGNORE.

BUT THERE MUST BE FIFTY – SIXTY BLOCKS WITHIN FIRING RANGE.

WE'LL CONCENTRATE OUR PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS ON THOSE BLOCKS CLOSEST TO SOPER.

STEVE BELL – GENGHIS GRIMSNOAD – MICK McGAHEY – U.THANT – JULIET BRAVO. THEY'RE SOPER'S NEAREST NEIGHBOURS – IF BLOCK AGGRO **IS** INVOLVED, IT'S MOST LIKELY TO COME FROM THEM.

STEVE BELL BLOCK

GHIS OAD CK

JOSEPH SOPER BLOCK

MICK McGAHEY BLOCK

JULIET BRAVO BLOCK

JUSTICE DEPT. COMPUTERS ISOLATE ALL HIGH-PROBABILITY SUSPECTS : THOSE WITH ACCESS TO CITI-DEF ARMOURIES, KNOWN HOTHEADS, AND CRIMINALS.

DREDD'S TASK SQUADS CARRY OUT LIGHTNING SEARCHES IN ALL FIVE BLOCKS –

KERBASH

GOOD VIEW OF THE SOPER PENTHOUSE FROM HERE, DREDD.

DWIGHT D. HORSE – KNOWN **BLOCK ACTIVIST**. YOU THE PARTY POOPER, HORSE ?

PARTY POOPER ? YOU MEAN, THE FIRE ON SOPER ?

HEY ! YOU CAN'T PIN THAT ON ME ! I DIDN'T DO IT !

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT.

DREDD ! LOOK AT THIS !

BLOCK **HATE PAMPHLETS** – STASHED UNDER THE FLOOR TILES !

OKAY. HE'S CLEAN ON SOPER. BOOK HIM ON THE HATE MAIL – AND ANYTHING **ELSE** YOU CAN FIND !

SCURRILOUS ARTICLES ABOUT HUMAN TRAFFICKING

I HATE YOUR NEIGHBOUR

EVIDENCE

BY LATE AFTERNOON, SEARCHES IN ALL BLOCKS ARE COMPLETE. OVER 800 ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE, ON CHARGES RANGING FROM POSSESSION OF SUGAR TO CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT OF LUNA-1.

THE JOE SOPER ARSONIST – IF HE OR SHE EXISTS – HAS NOT BEEN FOUND.

WE WIDEN THE SEARCH. WE START IN THE BASEMENT AND WORK UP TO THE PENTHOUSES. TOTAL CURFEW ON ALL FIVE BLOCKS. **NO-ONE** LEAVES TILL WE'RE THROUGH.

DROKK IT, DREDD ! THAT'LL TAKE US ALL MONTH !

SOMEONE IN ONE OF THOSE BLOCKS **KNOWS** WHO FIRED THAT SHOT. WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL FRIGHTEN 'EM INTO COMING FORWARD !

THE SEARCHES BEGIN AT ONCE. FLOOR TO FLOOR, APARTMENT TO APARTMENT. NUMEROUS ARRESTS ARE MADE ON CHARGES TOTALLY UNRELATED TO THE SOPER INCIDENT –

SUGAR

NEWS SPREADS QUICKLY THROUGH THE BLOCK GRAPEVINE –

THEY'RE COMBING EVERY HOUSE – ARRESTING EVERYBODY!

THEY FOUND A BODY IN 4G!

YOU CAN'T HIDE **ANYTHING** FROM THE JUDGES!

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, THE BREAKTHROUGH COMES –

ER...EXCUSE ME, SIR...

WHAT IS IT?

WE'RE THE COLLINGSWELLS FROM 99K. JUST BEFORE THE BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE, WE HEARD A **SHARP CRACK** FROM NEXT DOOR!

JUST LIKE A RIFLE SHOT, IT WAS!

RIGHT! COME WITH ME!

THIS THE APARTMENT?

YES, SIR. YOUNG MISTER GUEVARA!

99L
GUEVARA

SMAASH

THE GAME'S UP, GUEVARA!

OH SNECK!

GARBAGE GRINDER

I'LL TAKE THAT GUN !

WHERE'D YOU GET IT, SON ?

A R-RELIC FROM MY SPUG DAYS !

WHY'D YOU SHOOT DOWN THAT BALLOON, GUEVARA ?

MADE ME SICK, STINKIN' THING ! JUST HANGIN' THERE LIKE A STUPID BALLOON OR SOMETHIN' ! SO I THOUGHT – I'LL SHOW THEM AN' THEIR **STUPID** BALLOON !

AN' I DID, DIDN'T I ? I SHOWED THEM ALL RIGHT !

YOU SHOWED 'EM ALL RIGHT, CREEP !

THIRTY YEARS. TAKE HIM AWAY !

YOU COLLINGSWELLS ! WHERE D'YOU THINK **YOU'RE** SLOPING OFF TO ?

KINDA KEEN TO TURN IN GUEVARA, WEREN'T YOU? HOPING TO STOP THE SEARCH BEFORE IT GOT TO YOUR PLACE, HUH? JUST WHAT HAVE **YOU** GOT TO HIDE?

ULP!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

GOOD OLD DREDD! NEVER MISSES A TRICK!

POPEY

INSIDE, A VERITABLE TREASURE TROVE —

SHOPLIFTED?

ER... I'M AFRAID SO!

KWEE

FOUR YEARS APIECE. NO REMISSION. MOVE.

THE OPERATION IS OVER. AS WELL AS APPREHENDING THE SOPER ARSONIST, DREDD'S TASK FORCE HAS MADE 1,364 ARRESTS ON VARIOUS OTHER CHARGES.

ALL IN ALL, A PROFITABLE DAY'S WORK, DREDD — IF WE EXCLUDE THE SOPER VICTIMS.

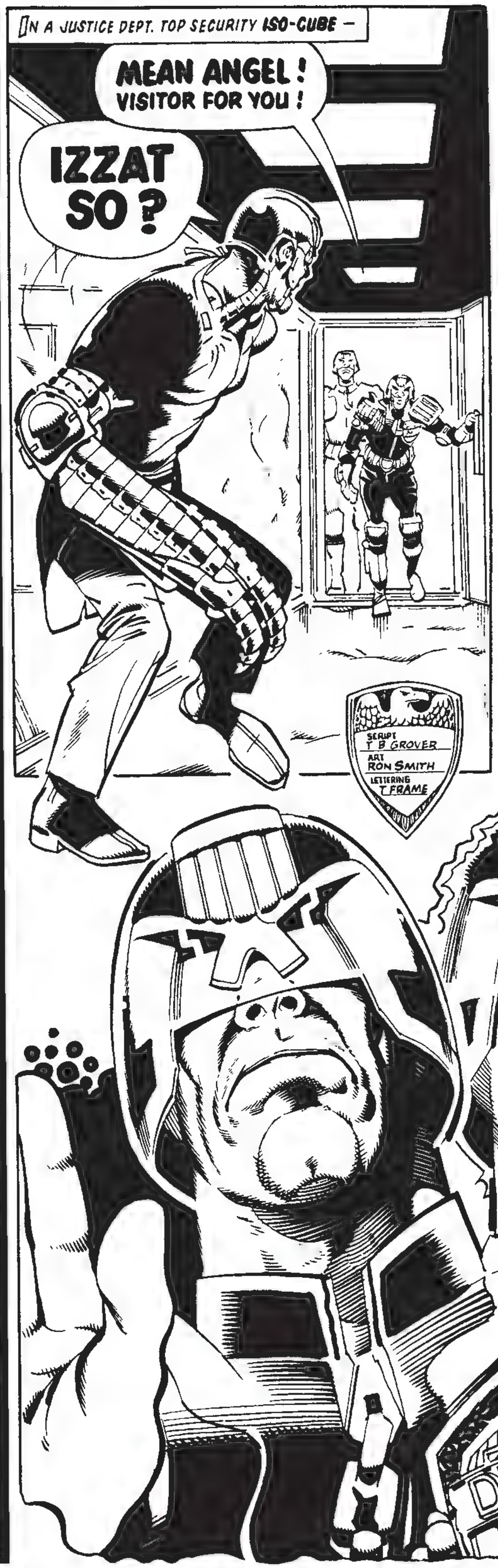
YEAH. LIKE THEY SAY —

IT'S AN ILL WIND...!

NEXT PROG: **DREDD ANGEL!**

JUDGE DREDD

JUDGE


IN A JUSTICE DEPT. TOP SECURITY ISO-CUBE —
MEAN ANGEL! VISITOR FOR YOU!
IZZAT SO?
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

NOBODY VISITS ME LESS'N I ASKS 'EM TA VISIT ME, SEE?
SHOW 'EM IN! I'LL GO UPTA 3 ON THE CHUMP!
THE DIAL ON MEAN MACHINE'S HEAD HAS FOUR SETTINGS – TO MATCH HIS FOUR MOODS.

DREDD

DREDD ANGEL part 1

EARLIER THAT DAY, **JUDGE DREDD** HAD SERVED A **CUSTODY ORDER** ON THE ISO-BLOCK –

I NEED A **GUIDE** TO THE **RAD-LANDS** NORTH OF TEXAS CITY. THAT'S OLD **ANGEL** COUNTRY. **MEAN MACHINE'S** HOME GROUND.

YOU WANT TO TAKE HIM WITH YOU? IS THAT **WISE**, DREDD?

DREDD

WARDEN

THE MAN'S A **CERTIFIED MANIAC**. AND HE'S SWORN TO **KILL YOU** FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HIS FAMILY!

BOK!

IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, DREDD HAD BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE ENTIRE **ANGEL GANG**... **INCLUDING MEAN** ANGEL, WHO HAD BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BY ELIXIRS – ONLY TO END UP BUTTING THE WALLS OF A REINFORCED ISO-CUBE

HERE LIE
MEAN
MACHIN
DIED BY
EXPLOSION
ROT HIS SO

I KNOW HE'S DANGEROUS. HOWEVER, I HAVE TAKEN OUT SOME INSURANCE.

THIS IS THE **CHIEF JUDGE'S** AUTHORISATION FOR IMMEDIATE **BRAIN SURGERY!**

MEAN WAS SEDATED AND TAKEN TO THE BLOCK **MED-BAY** –

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO ATTEMPT TOTAL ELIMINATION OF HIS **HATRED** OF YOU, DREDD. A RUSH JOB WOULD RISK WIPING OUT **ALL** HIS AGGRESSION. HE'D BE USELESS.

WE'VE DECIDED ON A COMPROMISE BY BURNING OUT CERTAIN **NEURAL LINKS** WE CAN **CONFUSE** HIS BRAIN. IN HIS MIND, **SWITCH YOUR IMAGE** WITH THAT OF HIS **FATHER**.

DREDD

YOU CAN MAKE HIM THINK I AM **PA ANGEL**?

RIGHT. HE'LL RETAIN HIS NATURAL AGGRESSION, BUT HE'LL BE **OBEDIENT** TO YOU – AS OBEDIENT AS **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL** CAN **EVER** BE.

DREDD

EVENTUALLY, OF COURSE, HIS BRAIN WILL **HEAL** ITSELF. SOONER OR LATER, **MEAN ANGEL** WILL REVERT TO NORMAL – SEE YOU AS HIS HATED ENEMY, **JUDGE DREDD**.

LET'S HOPE IT'S **LATER** RATHER THAN SOONER.

*NOW, MEAN MACHINE ANGEL BELIEVES HE IS FACE TO FACE WITH HIS LONG-LOST **PA** –*

I GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I COME BACK FROM THE DEAD, BOY?

NO, I AIN'T, PA! DONE IT MYSELF!

WELL THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I CAME **HERE** FOR **YOU**?

NUP! I AIN'T WONDERIN' THAT NEITHER, PA.

YOU CAME TO BUST ME OUT, DINCHA, PA? THEN YOU AN' ME'LL GO ON A **RAMPAGE**, SLAUGHTERIN' ALL THE **JUDGES** AN' GITTIN' OUR **REE-VENGE** ON THAT THAR RAT **DREDD** FER KILLIN' **FINK** AN' **LINK** AN' **JUNIOR** – NOT FERGITTIN' **YOU** AN' **ME**, OF COURSE!

ER... NOT **QUITE**, BOY. LEMME TELL YOU A STORY...

A COUPLE OF DAYS BACK A MEGA-CITY HOVER FREIGHTER WAS SHOT DOWN BY MUTANT SCAVENGERS IN THE RAD-LANDS NORTH OF TEXAS CITY.

"IN THE FREIGHTER'S HOLD WAS A COLLECTION OF **PRICELESS RELICS** – THE **TREASURES OF LIBERACE'S TOMB**, AMONG THEM THE FABULOUS JEWEL-ENCRUSTED **MASK OF LIBERACE**."

"THE SCAVENGERS GOT IT ALL!"

THEY SENT JUDGES TO INVESTIGATE. BUT THEY COULDN'T FIND THE SCAVENGERS' BOLT HOLE. THEY NEED A **GUIDE** –SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE RAD-LANDS. **YOU**, MEAN.

BUT **YOU** KNOW THEM RAD-LANDS TOO, PA!

I'M GETTING OLD, BOY. MY MEMORY'S GOING. THAT'S WHY I MADE A DEAL WITH THE JUDGES.

YOU COME WITH ME!

YOU MEAN THEM DUMB JUDGES IS LETTIN' ME LOOSE? **ME? MEAN MACHINE ANGEL? LOOSE?**

WHEEDOGGIE! NOW DON'T THAT TOP ALL!

I SEE THE PLAN NOW, PA! WE FINDS THE **LIBERATCHY** STUFF AN' **KEEPS** IT FER **OURSELVES! THEN** WE COMES BACK AN' **KILLS** ALL THE **JUDGES** AN GITS REVENGE ON THAT RAT **DREDD!**

AIN'T THAT IT, PA? **HUH?**

PARTNERS IN CRIME? UH... SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BETTER **HUMOUR** THE KOOK. WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME HE TURNED VICIOUS ON HIS OWN FATHER.

*AN HOUR LATER, THE STRANGE DUO RIDES OUT OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S **WEST GATE 3** –*

CRAZIEST PARTNERSHIP I EVER SAW. A **SENIOR JUDGE** AND A CLASSIFIED **PSYCHOTIC!**

YEAH...

HARD TO TELL WHICH ONE'S MEANER!

CAIN'T **WAIT** TA GIT MA CLAW ON THAT THAR **LIBERATCHY** STUFF! WE'LL BE RICH AS **STINK**, PA!

SURE WILL, BOY!

DREAM ON, MEATBALL!

IF YOU KNEW THE **REAL** PURPOSE OF THIS MISSION, YOU'D BE UP HERE TRYING TO GIVE ME A FACE FULL OF **U**!

THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE MISSION HAD BEEN SPELT OUT EARLIER IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE –

THAT FREIGHTER CARRIED A FAR MORE **VALUABLE** CARGO THAN THE LIBERACE RELICS. ON BOARD WERE FIVE **MOBILE MIDWIFE MACHINES**...

DREDD

"...EACH CONTAINING A GROWING **JUDGE CLONE** – OUR GIFT TO TEXAS CITY TO IMPROVE THEIR **STOCK**."

"CLONES TAKEN FROM OUR CITY'S GREATEST HEROES –"

"**JUDGE FARGO** – FATHER OF JUSTICE."

"JUDGES **GOODMAN, HANSAR, RUBINS, MANDELA** – THEIR NAMES AND DEEDS ARE LEGEND."

THE IDEA OF SUCH PRECIOUS LIVES IN CRIMINAL HANDS IS AN **ABOMINATION**! **FIND THEM, DREDD – BRING THEM BACK!**

DREDD

NEXT PROG: **TRAVELS WITH A MANIAC!**

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE DANGEROUS **RAD-LANDS** NORTH OF TEXAS CITY, A MEGA-CITY HOVER FREIGHTER IS BROUGHT DOWN BY **MUTANT SCAVENGERS.**

KERRUMP!

AMONG THE CARGO LOOTED ARE THE FABULOUS **TREASURES OF LIBERACE'S TOMB** AND FIVE **MOBILE MIDWIVES** CONTAINING THE **CLONE-CHILDREN** OF MEGA-CITY'S **GREATEST JUDGES.**

NOW ANOTHER GREAT JUDGE IS ON THE TRAIL —

LOOKS LIKE THE SCAVENGERS PICKED HER PRETTY **CLEAN.**

WHICH WAY YOU RECKON THEY'D HEAD, **MEAN?**

DREDD'S GUIDE, THE DANGEROUS MANIAC **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL,** LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOTORIOUS **ANGEL GANG.**

WEST, I'D SAY, **PA.** PUT SOME DISTANCE 'TWEEN THEM AN' HERE. PROB'LY GOT A HIDEOUT BEYOND THE **COBALT DRIFTS.**

THANKS TO SKILFUL **BRAIN** SURGERY, **MEAN** NOW BELIEVES DREDD IS HIS LONG-LOST **FATHER** —

DONCHA WORRY YOUR LOUSE-RIDDEN OL' HEAD NONE, **PA!** WE'LL FIND THEM **SCAVVIES** AN' THE **LIBERATCHY LOOT,** AN' WHEN WE DO —

IT'S 4'S ALL ROUND!

DREDD ANGEL

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T.FRAME

THERE'S A PASSABLE **BURG** JEST OVER THAT RIDGE AWAYS. RECKON WE'D BEST RIDE IN AN' ASK AROUND FER STARTERS.

LEAD ON, BOY.

MEAN DOESN'T KNOW OUR REAL PURPOSE IS TO FIND THE **JUDGE CLONES**. BEST KEPT THAT WAY. HE'S NOT EXACTLY FRIENDLY - EVEN WHEN HE'S BEING FRIENDLY.

TWENTY MINUTES' RIDE AWAY -

HO-LY SMOKE! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

BILLY! RUN AN' TELL THE **GOAT BOYS!** **MEAN ANGEL'S BACK IN TOWN!**

OXTER

M-MEAN ANGEL!

B-B-BUT HE'S **DEAD!**

NOT NEAR DEAD ENOUGH!

ROTGUT, M-M-MR ANGEL! ON THE HOUSE!

IZZAT SO?

DREDD

NOBODY GIVES ME ROTGUT ON THE HOUSE LESS'N I ASKS 'EM TA GIMME ROTGUT ON THE HOUSE!

CRAKK!

TWO ROTGUTS – ON THE HOUSE!

C-COMIN' RIGHT UP!

H-HEY, MEAN, HOW COME'S YOU'S IN TOW WITH THAT THAR **JUDGE**?

JUDGE? WHAT JUDGE? YOU MEAN MY **PA**?

SNIK!

YOU FOUL-MOUTHED LITTLE RUNT! **NOBODY** CALLS MY **PA** A JUDGE AN' GITS AWAY WITH IT!

ULP!

YOU GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON 2!

BOK!

CRASH!

THE REST OF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL REFER TO ME ONLY AS **MR ANGEL**. NOW, WE'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS...

A COUPLE OF DAYS BACK, A SCAVVY GANG BROUGHT DOWN A HOVER FREIGHTER EAST OF HERE. I WANT TO KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND WHERE TO FIND THEM.

THEY AIN'T BEEN THROUGH **OXTER**, JU - UH, MR ANGEL!

THAT'S A FACT!

YOU NO GOOD LYIN' RAD-RATS! I'LL GET THE TRUTH OUTTA YA!

EASY, **MEAN!** NO SENSE TURNIN' THIS BAR INTO A BUTCHER'S SHOP.

AW, PA!

BESIDES, **LIE DETECTOR** SAYS THEY'RE ON THE LEVEL.

SUDDENLY—

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL! WE'RE CALLIN' YA OUT!

WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THAR, MEAN! COME ON OUT AN' TAKE WHAT'S A-COMIN' TO YA!

IT'S **JESSE, FRANK** AN' **COLE** – THE **GOAT BOYS**! THEY'S THE **FASTEST HEADS** IN THESE PARTS!

IGNORE THEM, **MEAN.** WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.

MEAN ANGEL BACK DOWN FROM A **BUTT** FIGHT? YOU MUST BE GOIN' SOFT, PA!

OUTTA MY WAY!

YOU GOAT BOYS GIT ON **MY** GOAT!

HOW DO YA WANT IT – ONE AT A TIME OR ALL TOGETHER?

CRASH!

BIG TALK, **MEAN!** BUT YA BIN AWAY TOO LONG!

WE'S HEAD BOYS ROUND HERE NOW!

SO SAY YOUR PRAYERS! WE'S GONNA **BUTT** YA INTA THE MIDDLE O' NEXT WEEK!

IZZAT SO?

SNIKK!

JEST FER THAT, I'M GOIN' UP TA 4 ON YA!

GIT READY TA DIE!

GIVE HIM HORN, BOYS!

AND SO, IN A DUSTY STREET IN THAT RADIATED ARMPIT OF A TOWN, FOUR OF THE NEW WEST'S MOST FEARED BUTTISTS MEET IN MORTAL COMBAT —

KERRR-RUNNCH!

NEXT PROG: THEY DIED WITH THEIR BUTTS ON!

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE CURSED EARTH TOWN OF OXTER, FOUR OF THE NEW WEST'S BADDEST BUTTISTS MEET IN MORTAL COMBAT —

GIVE 'IM HORN, BOYS!

YA GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON 4!

DREDD ANGELS

IT'S MEAN MACHINE ANGEL VS THE GOAT BOYS IN A BUTT-OUT FOR THE TITLE: FASTEST HEAD IN THE WEST!

KRAK KRAK

THEY'RE DOWN!

BUT JESSE GOAT IS STILL ON HIS FEET!

CRACK!

HE'S DEAD!

CRUMMP!

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T.FRAME

YA KILLED MA BRUTHER, **MEAN!** NOW THIS IS **SERIOUS!**

YOU GONNA DIE!

IZZAT SO?

BOKK-KAA!

SHFFFFF

WHAT A **BUTT!**

CRASH!

AIN'T NO DOUBT NOW – **MEAN ANGEL'S** THE **FASTEST HEAD IN THE WEST!**

C'MERE!

IT'S THE SAME EVERY TOWN I GO INTO! SOME CHEAP PUNKS A-LOOKIN' FER A **REP** – THINK THEY KIN **OUTBUTT MEAN MACHINE ANGEL!**

A MAN GITS MIGHTY TIRED OF IT! A **NORMAL** MAN, THAT IS!

ME. I **AIN'T** NORMAL!

BOKKKKKK!

CALL YOURSELF A **BUTTIST**? YA AIN'T FIT TA **LICK** MA **DIAL**!

SAY IT!

BOKK!

I SAID **SAY IT!**

HE CAN'T SAY NUTHIN', **MEAN**! HE'S **OUT COLD**!

IZZAT SO?

NOBODY CONKS OUT ON ME LESS'N I **TELLS** 'EM TA CONK OUT ON ME!

YA LOW-DOWN, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT! DON'T THINK YA CAN LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS ON **MEAN ANGEL** AN' GIT AWAY WITH IT!

SAY IT!

SAY IT!

WHEE-DING! HE'S DRIVIN' HIM INTO THE GROUND LIKE A **TENT-PEG**!

JUDGE DREDD HAD BROUGHT **MEAN MACHINE** TO THE CURSED EARTH AS HIS **GUIDE** ON A VITAL MISSION—

DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS. SOMETHING'S WRONG—

HIS **DIAL'S** STUCK ON **4½!**

UUUUUH!

THE LAST TIME THIS HAPPENED **MEAN** WENT **BUTT CRAZY!**

DROKK! HISTORY'S REPEATING ITSELF!

AAAHH!

BOK!

SORTA FRESH WATER

CRASH!

OH LORD! MEAN ANGEL!

BOK!

GOT TO STOP HIM! IF I LOSE **MEAN**, THIS MISSION'S AS GOOD AS **OVER**!

BOK!

BOK!

BOK!

LOOK OUT!

CRAK!!

CRUNK!

BOK!!

HE'LL BRING DOWN THE **WATER TOWER!**

CRAKK!!

BOK!!

FUN'S OVER, MEAN! I'M SWITCHING YOU DOWN!

SNIK!

DROKK! **THE TOWER!**

NEXT PROG:

SPLASH!

JUDGE DREDD AND HIS GUIDE, MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, ARE IN THE CURSED EARTH ON A MISSION TO RETRIEVE FIVE STOLEN JUDGE CLONES.

NOW, IN THE TOWN OF OXTER, THE MISSION THREATENS TO REACH A PREMATURE END —

JUDGE DREDD

CREEEEAK

THE WATER TOWER'S COMING DOWN!

MOVE!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

DREDD
ANGELS
Part 4

WOOOSH

WHUMP

HANG ON, MEAN!

AARGH

MEAN'S SAFE, THANK DOK! WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE RAD-LANDS, THIS MISSION WOULD BE ALL WASHED UP!

NO POINT HANGING AROUND – LET'S GIT!

IT'S CLEAR THE ONES WE'RE AFTER DIDN'T COME THROUGH OXTER. WE'LL MOVE ON, MEAN.

USED WATER PURCHASED - TOP PRICES

MEAN?

DREDD!

YA DIRTY STINKIN' RAT! I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' HERE, BUT I OWES YA A CHIN FULLA 4!

CRAKKKKKKK!

USED WATER PURCHASED - PRICES

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO PLAY PATSY WITH THIS CLOWN.

UUUH!

ZOK!

MEAN! IT'S ME - PA! Y'HEAR - PA!

HUHH?

THANKS TO SKILFUL BRAIN SURGERY, MEAN MACHINE BELIEVES DREDD IS HIS LONG-LOST **FATHER** –

PA...? IT'S **YOU**!

HELL! FER A MOMENT THAR I COULDA **SWORED** YOU WUZ THAT DIRTY LAWDOG **DREDD**!

THEY WARNED ME THE EFFECTS OF THE BRAIN SURGERY COULD WEAR OFF. LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALREADY STARTING.

THE SOONER I GET THIS MISSION OVER AND THAT MANIAC BACK IN HIS CUBE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!

ON A HILL OUTSIDE **OXTER** –

ASK YOURSELF, **MEAN** – WHAT WOULD **YOU** DO IF **YOU'D** HIJACKED THAT FREIGHTER?

FUST THING I'D DO IS PUT SOME BIG DISTANCE 'TWEEN ME AN' THE SCENE O' THE CRIME. THAT'S FER DOUBLE DAMN SURE!

MEAN BELIEVES THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR THE PRICELESS **TREASURES OF LIBERACE'S TOMB**, ALSO STOLEN FROM THE HIJACKED FREIGHTER.

NOW, I WOULDN'T HEAD **EAST**. THAT'S **GILA MUNJA** TERRITORY.

SOUTH LIES **TEXAS CITY**. EVEN A DUMB **MUTIE** KNOWS BETTER 'N TA GO THAR.

OXTER'S TO TH'**WEST**, SO THAT LEAVES **NORTH**, UP TOWARDS THE **TULSA MELTS**.

YESSIR, PA! IT'S A BUTT TO A BAD BACK TOOTH THAT'S THE WAY **I'D** HEAD!

THEN THAT'S THE WAY **WE** HEAD.

CLOAK UP! DUST STORM COMING!

*VIOLENT RADIOACTIVE **DUST STORMS** CAN SPRING UP IN AN INSTANT IN THE CURSED EARTH, BURYING OBJECTS IN MINUTES...*

...UNCOVERING OTHERS, LONG HIDDEN BENEATH THE CONTAMINATED SAND.

*A MAN WITHOUT A RAD-CLOAK IS A **DEAD** MAN.*

AT LAST –

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S A-BLOWIN' BY, PA!

DOG VULTURES! CIRCLING OVER SOMETHING!

LET'S CHECK IT OUT!

AW, SHUCKS! IT'S JEST SOME OL' ROBOT!

ONE OF THE **MOBILE MIDWIVES** THAT CARRIED THE JUDGE CLONES. **MEAN** HASN'T BEEN TOLD ABOUT THEM.

NEXT TO THE ROBOT, ONE OF THE **JUDGE CLONES** –

HEY! A DEAD KID! FANCY THAT, PA!

THE **MIDWIFE** MUST'VE TOPPLED, CRACKED OPEN THE CLONE TANK. THE CLONE DIED, SO THEY BURIED IT HERE, HOPING TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.

DUSTSTORM MUST'VE UNCOVERED IT, OTHERWISE THE DOG VULTURES WOULD'VE PICKED IT CLEAN LONG AGO.

SO...I'VE FAILED TO RESCUE ONE. BUT AT LEAST I KNOW WE'RE HEADING IN THE **RIGHT** DIRECTION.

DREDD CEREMONIALLY CREMATES THE BODY –

NO DOG VULTURES WILL PICK AT SUCH PRECIOUS FLESH.

IF THE SCAVENGERS ARE TAKING THE TROUBLE TO DRAG THE MOBILE MIDWIVES ACROSS THIS KIND OF TERRITORY, THEY MUST KNOW THEIR **VALUE**. ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT THAT WE FIND THEM – AND **QUICKLY**.

GETTING DARK. HOW LONG TO **TULSA**, MEAN?

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

FAR AHEAD, BEYOND THE **TULSA MELTS**, A TRAIL-WEARY BAND OF SCAVENGERS REACHES JOURNEY'S END –

THE HIDEOUT! **WE'S HOME, BOYS!**

YEEHAA! WHO'DA THUNK WE'DA STRUCK SO LUCKY! THE **TREASURES OF LIBERACE'S TOMB!** WE'S **RICH!**

THAT THAR'S HIS OWN **DEATH MASK!** AIN'T IT PURDY?

DUNNO WHY YA WASTED OUR TIME LUGGIN' **THEM** THINGS ALONG, **UGLY!**

YA DUNNO, HUH? THAT, BEAN BRAIN, IS WHY YOU **TAKE** ORDERS AN' I **GIVE 'EM!**

SEE THIS? IT'S THE CREST O' MEGA-CITY JUDGES. YOU KNOW WHAT WE GOT HERE? NO, 'COURSE YA DON'T, 'COS YOU'RE **DUMB!**

I'LL TELL YA WHAT WE GOT HERE. THESE HERE ARE **JUDGE CLONES** - LITTLE BITTY BABY **JUDGES!**

BABY JUDGES! LET'S KILL 'EM!

KILL 'EM!

HOLD IT!

YA DUMB CLUCKS! DON'T YA SEE? THESE BABY JUDGES IS **WORTH A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN ALL THAT LIBERACE STUFF PUT TOGETHER!**

WITH THESE LITTLE **TANK RATS**, WE CAN HOLD MEGA-CITY ONE TO **RANSOM!** WE'LL BE THE **RICHEST MUTIES ON EARTH!**

NEXT PROG: **THE MUTANCHEROS!**

JUDGE DREDD

FLASHBACK:

TULSA, OKLAHOMA. ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE GREAT ATOM WAR A THERMO NUCLEAR DEVICE EXPLODED ONE KILOMETRE ABOVE THE CITY —

RANGE

SCRIPT T. B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAMI

– AND TULSA, ALMOST ENTIRELY CONSTRUCTED OF THE NEW MATERIAL, GLASSEEN PROLYPROPYLOP, **MELTED LIKE A CANDLE IN HELL!**

NOW, HALF A CENTURY LATER, **JUDGE DREDD** AND HIS GUIDE, **MEAN ANGEL**, HAVE COME TO TULSA IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE **JUDGE CLONES** STOLEN BY MUTANT SCAVENGERS.

THANKS TO SKILFUL BRAIN SURGERY, **MEAN** BELIEVES DREDD IS HIS LONG-DEAD **FATHER**.

THE TULSA MELTS!

THEY SAY DANG NEAR A MILLION FOLK DIED THAR, PA – AND 'FORE WE'S FINISHED, THERE'LL BE A WHOLE PASSEL MORE!

THAT'S **IF** THOSE MUTIE SCAVENGERS ARE HIDING OUT HERE.

ATTENTION! BIKE SENSORS DETECT RIDER COMING OUT OF THE **MELTS**. PROJECTED COURSE – EAST NORTH EAST.

MIGHT HAVE SOME INFORMATION. LET'S PICK HIM UP.

HOLY HECK! A **JUDGE**!

HE'S A-RUNNIN', PA!

WHEEEDOGGIE! LET'S GIT THAT MUTIE!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL! THAT'S EVEN **WORSE!**

CRANNGG!

IT'S **POCK MARK**, ONE OF **UGLY JOHN'S** SCAVENGERS – **MUTANCHEROS** THEY CALLS 'EMSELVES.

WHAT'S THIS?

TO THE JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE:

WE'S GOT YOUR CLONE KIDS, SEE. YOU WANT THEM BACK, GIVE 10 BILLION CREDS TO THE MUTIE WHAT GIVED YOU THIS MESSAGE. AN' NO TRICKS, SEE, OR THE TANK RATS GITS IT.

SIGNED Ugly John

RANSOM NOTE. SO THE JUDGE CLONES **ARE** HERE!

WHAT JUDGE CLONES, PA? I, ER, FORGOT TO TELL YOU, MEAN – THE SCAVENGERS DIDN'T JUST STEAL THE **LIBERACE TREASURE**. THERE WERE FIVE JUDGE CLONES ON THAT FREIGHTER, BOUND FOR TEXAS CITY.

AN' UGLY JOHN FIGURES WE KIN GIT **10 BILL** FER 'EM?

DREDD

HOT DOG, PA! COMPARED TO THAT, THE LIBERATCHY LOOT IS JEST CHICKENFEED!

TOOK IT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT. ALWAYS HELPS WHEN THERE'S MONEY INVOLVED.

OUT COLD – PITY. HE CAN'T LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT.

DON'T WORRY YOUR ROTTEN OL' GIZZARD NONE ABOUT THAT, PA! I KNOW WHERE UGLY JOHN'S BAND HANGS OUT!

SHUCKS! ME AN' JUNIOR USETA RIDE UP HERE FER OUR THANKSGIVING MUTIE SHOOTS – 'MEMBER?

UH...SURE, MEAN. HOW COULD I FORGET?

BETTER TAKE THESE HERE GOGGLES. THE GLARE OFF'N THEM MELTS KIN BE MIGHTY POWERFUL.

IN THE STRANGE, WARPED CITY, HARSH SUNLIGHT REFLECTS FROM EVERY FACET OF THE MELTED GLASSEEN –

SAY, PA. ONE THING BOTHERS ME...

THAT POCK MARK CALLED YOU "JUDGE" – JEST LIKE THEM STUMBLEBUMS BACK IN OXTER. AN' SOMETIMES WHEN I LOOKS ATCHA, EVEN I GITS TA WONDERIN'...

YA AIN'T JOINED THE JUDGES, HAS YA, PA?

DON'T BE DUMB, BOY. THIS IS PA ANGEL YOU'RE TALKING TO!

THEY WARNED ME THE EFFECTS OF THE BRAIN SURGERY COULD WEAR OFF. IF HE SEES WHO I REALLY AM, I'VE GOT TROUBLE!

MEAN GUIDES THEM UNERRINGLY THROUGH THE MELTS. UNTIL –

THAR IT IS, PA – UGLY JOHN'S HOLE. RECKON HE'LL HAVE 40, MAYBE 50 MUTANCHEROS WITH HIM.

OKAY. LET'S NOT WASTE TIME BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

DREDD

UGLY JOHN! YOU HAVE STOLEN JUDGE CLONES IN YOUR POSSESSION. HAND THEM OVER IMMEDIATELY – OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

AN' THE LIBERATCHY STUFF! WE WANT THAT TOO, UGLY BOY!

JUDGE DREDD AN' MEAN MACHINE ANGEL! WHAT A DUO!

THEY'LL DIE JEST LIKE ORDINARY FOLKS! GIVE 'EM OUR ANSWER!

VADOOOOOMPH!
PHOSPHER SHELL!
THE HEAT'S MELTING THE GLASSEEN! MOVE!
RICOCHET!
SPOING
PTANNG

MORE MUTIE GUNS OPEN FIRE –

THUDDA!

YA DOOM

GONNA HAVE TO CUT THIS SHORT!

EMERGENCY FLARES!

FWUMPH

FWUMPH!

REFLECTED FROM THE MILLION MIRRORS OF THE GLASSEEN CHAMBERS, THE GLARE IS OVERWHELMING!

AAAGH!

MY STINKIN' EYE!

HIT 'EM, MEAN!

WHEEEE – DOGGIE!

NEXT PROG:

JUDGE CLONES IN JEOPARDY!

JUDGE DREDD

THE MOST TITANIC TEAM-UP OF ALL TIME!

JUDGE DREDD - HE IS THE LAW!

MEAN MACHINE ANGEL - HE IS A CERTIFIED MANIAC!

DREDD

ANGEL

THEIR MISSION - TO RESCUE THE STOLEN JUDGE CLONES FROM MUTANT HANDS BEFORE MELTDOWN!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

THE CURSED EARTH, WHERE JUDGE DREDD AND HIS GUIDE, MEAN MACHINE ANGEL, HAVE COME TO RETRIEVE **JUDGE CLONES** HIJACKED BY THE MUTANT GANG KNOWN AS THE **MUTANCHEROS**. NOW, IN THE **TULSA MELTS**, THE DEADLY DUO ATTACK THE MUTANT STRONGHOLD —

MY STINKIN' PEEPERS!

CAN'T SEE!

REFLECTED FROM A MILLION GLASSEEN SURFACES, DREDD'S FLARE IS TOO BLINDING FOR EVEN HIS OWN PHOTOCHROMATIC VISOR TO COPE WITH —

BIKE GUIDANCE SYSTEM TAKE OVER!

FIND THOSE CLONES!

OUTTA THE WAY, MUTIE BOY! YA GOT THE MEAN MACHINE ON *MANUAL*!

CRANG!

AMMO

BADAM!

H-HOLY CREMOLA!

THE AA000

BLAST WAVE! YOU MUST'VE HIT THEIR AMMO DUMP!

WHEEDOGGIE. PA!

THE LIBERATCHY LOOT AN' THEM JUDGE CLONES! WE DINGDOGGIN' FOUND IT!

THANKS TO SKILFUL BRAIN SURGERY, MEAN BELIEVES DREDD IS HIS LONG-LOST FATHER –

THAT'S NOT ALL WE FOUND! MOVE, MEAN!

SPOINGG!

SPITTANG!

STOMM! STOPPED ONE!

GIT HIM!

I DON'T CARE IF YA IS MEAN ANGEL – THAT LOOT'S OURS!

KRUNCH!

IZZAT SO?

THE DIAL ON MEAN MACHINE'S HEAD HAS FOUR SETTINGS, TO MATCH EACH OF HIS FOUR MOODS –

VICIOUS 3 2 MEAN 4 CRAZY 1 SURLY

CLICK!

BACK BUTT SEZ DIFFERENT!

BOK!

HERE'S YOURS, PAL!

BOK!

CRAKKK!

HE'S GOIN' MAD!

DREDD RELIES ON MORE CONVENTIONAL METHODS -

BADAM!

BADAM!

WE CAN'T FIGHT THIS! RUN!

AAAGH!

GREAT STEAMIN' MOLEY! RUNNIN' FIRE!

AAAAAAAAAIEEEEEE

AT THE CORE OF THE EXPLOSION, THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE PHOSPHER SHELLS MELTS THE GLASSEEN LIKE CANDLEWAX —

— SPREADING MOLTEN DEATH THROUGH THE MUTANT HIDEOUT —

THE WHOLE PLACE IS MELTIN'!

I'M BURNIN'!

DROKK! TIME WE WERE OUT OF HERE!

YOU MIDWIFE ROBOTS — START MOVING. FIND THE REAR EXIT!

MESSAGE RECEIVED. WILCO.

HEY, PA! LOOKEE! LIBERATCHY'S OWN DEATH MASK! PURDY AS A PICTURE, HUH?

LEAVE IT, MEAN! WE'VE GOTTA MOVE!

LEAVE THE LIBERATCHY STUFF? HAS YOU LOST YORE SENSES, PA?

THERE'S NO TIME FOR IT! ON YOUR FEET, MEATHEAD!

MEATHEAD, HUH?

Y'ALL BETTER WASH YORE STINKIN' MOUTH OUT, PA! JEST 'COS YORE A RELLYTIVE DON'T MEAN YA GOT THE RIGHT TO GO CALLIN' ME NO NAMES!

IDIOT — LOOK! THE WHOLE PLACE IS STARTIN' TO MELT!

GEE, PA! WHY DINCHA SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!

LET'S GIT!

THROUGH THE TWISTED GLASSEEN RUIN THEY RACE, WITH THE FIERCE HEAT SPREADING, GAINING ON THEM -

GOOD. THE MIDWIFE ROBOTS HAVE FOUND THE WAY OUT!

STEP IT UP! THE BUILDING'S APPROACHING *MELTDOWN!*

NEXT PROG:

THE FINAL DISSOLUTION!

JUDGE DREDD

DREDD ANGEL

THE TULSA MELTS, WHERE **JUDGE DREDD** AND HIS GUIDE **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL** HAVE RESCUED FOUR JUDGE CLONES FROM A BAND OF MUTANT SCAVENGERS.

BUT NOW, AS THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE GLASSEEN TOWER —

STEP IT UP, MEAN! ONLY SECONDS TO MELTDOWN!

SHE'S GOIN'!

MELTDOWN!

AAGH!

TRAPPED IN HIS BUCKLING GLASSEEN HIDEOUT, THE MUTANT LEADER PERISHES!

YEEAAGH!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
RON SMITH

LETTERING
T FRAME

DANG ME, PA, IF'N THAT AIN'T A **FUN** WAY TA GO!

YOU SURVIVORS! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, **CLEAR OFF!**

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! WE'S GOIN'!

PTOW! PTOW!

STINKIN' **JUDGE!**

JUDGE?

DANG!

DREDD!

BRAIN SURGERY HAD CONVINCED MEAN THAT DREDD WAS HIS LONG-LOST FATHER —

I KNOWED THERE WUZ SUMTHIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT YA, PA! YA **AIN'T** PA!

YA LOW-DOWN, TWO-TIMIN', DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LAWRAT! I'LL TEACH YA TA IMMYTATE MY PORE DEAD DAD!

YORE GONNA BE EATIN' 4 TILL IT COMES OUT GREEN!

STOMM! HIS BRAIN'S BACK TO NORMAL!

DREDD'S LEG WOUND SLOWS HIM –

BOK!

DROKK! THERE GOES A RIB!

Oo

CRAAK

EVERY NIGHT IN MY CUBE I'VE DREAMED ABOUT THIS HERE MOMENT, DREDDY BOY! AN' NOW MA DREAMS HAS COME TRUE!

YA KILLED MY PA – YA KILLED MY WHOLE GRUMMY FAMILY – **SHOOT**! YA EVEN KILLED **ME** ONCE!

AN' NOW IT'S YORE TURN!

HE CATCHES ME AGAIN AN' I'LL NEED A **BONE** TRANSPLANT!

UUUHH!

SCRAPE!

GRRRR!

COULD TAKE HIM OUT WITH ONE SHOT... BUT WITHOUT **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL**, THIS MISSION WOULD NEVER HAVE GOT OFF THE GROUND. I **OWE** HIM.

IT'LL HAVE TO BE BARE HANDS!

Oo

GOTCHA!

YOU GOT **TROUBLE**, MEAN!

UUUHHHHHH!

YOU GOT DREDD ON 4 !

CRUNCH!

IZZAT SHO ?

BOK-K-KA!

THINK!

UHHH ! MY RIBS !

THAR'S MORE WHERE THAT COMED FROM, LAWRAT !

DROKK THIS ! HEROICS ARE ONE THING – STAYIN' **ALIVE** IS ANOTHER !

BADAM!

BADAM!

CRAK!

CRAK!

MA **LEGS** !

GOLDARN YA...

DREDD! I...AIN'T FINISHED...

YET!

YOU'RE FINISHED ALL RIGHT!

A MESSAGE OVER DREDD'S COMMUNICATOR REACHES **TEXAS CITY**, AND SOON —

LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS HAD ONE HUMDINGER OF A PARTY HERE!

SAVE THE WISECRACKS, COWBOY. GET **ANGEL** ON BOARD. HE'LL NEED BIONIC IMPLANTS IN BOTH LEGS. BETTER SEDATE HIM, TOO. HE'S A DANGEROUS MANIAC.

YA STINKIN' CHEAT, DREDD! YA AIN'T HEARD THE LAST O' **MEAN MACHINE ANGEL**! I'LL GIT YA IF'N I HAFTA **BUTT** MA WAY TA **HELL** AN' BACK!

I REGRET ONE OF THE CLONES WAS DESTROYED BEFORE WE GOT HERE. STILL, THERE ARE FOUR SURVIVORS TO ADD TO YOUR JUDGE STOCK.

AN' MUCH APPRECIATED, JUDGE DREDD!

IF THEY'RE ANYTHING LIKE **HIM**, THE REST OF US CAN RETIRE!

NEXT PROG: 'GATOR!

JUDGE

AN ANCIENT MOULDERING **SEWER** BENEATH THE STREETS OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S **OLD TOWN** –

THAT JUDGE WAS GETTIN' MIGHTY CLOSE! YOU SURE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TRACK US DOWN HERE?

IN THIS **GUNK**? NO CHANCE!

SHLOOOP!

SHLOOP!

HEY – YOU HEAR THAT?

WHAT?

A KIND OF... **GROWLING**...

DREDD TO CONTROL! SUSPECTS **MORG LEPPY** AND **BRIAN DE VIMTO** HAVE ENTERED THE SEWER SYSTEM. AM IN PURSUIT.

RRRRRRRRRR...

THERE IT IS AGAIN!

IT'S JUST **RATS**, MORG!

STOP WORRYIN' – YOU'RE MAKIN' ME NERVOUS!

SEE? **RATS**!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T FRAME

DUM DUM DUM DUM GATOR PART 1 DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

MORG!
AAAAAGGGGHH!!

HELP ME! HELP MEEE!
OH SWEET ANNA!
GOTTA GET AWAY!
Hellpp meee!
LIGHT UP AHEAD!
DROKK-CROC!
BADAM!
HRAAEEEEEEEE
SOME KIND OF **WHITE 'GATOR** – BLIND ONE. FIVE METRES LONG AT LEAST. HOW IN GRUD'S NAME DID IT GET DOWN HERE?
BADAM!
BADAM!

SOME OF THE BEANS FROM THEIR HEIST. DE VIMTO HEADED DOWN THE SIDE TUNNEL.

BRIAN DE VIMTO! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD!

GIVE YOURSELF UP!

RRRRRR

RRRRRR

MOLEY! TH-THAT GROWLIN' AGAIN - CLOSE!

ALL RIGHT, JUDGE DREDD! I SURRENDER! I'M UP HERE!

AAHH! S-SL-

SLIPPIN'!

Splish!

Splish!

Splishh!

d...d...dredd?

HOLY CREMOLA!

DREDD! FOR PITY'S SAKE!

AAAHHH!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

STOMM!

MY GUN!

HRRRAA!

NEXT PROG: DREDD BITES BACK!

JUDGE DREDD

ON THE SEWERS BENEATH **OLD TOWN**, MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP LAWMAN IS **TODAY'S TASTY TIDBIT** —

UNGHH! MY ARM!

SPLUDDGE

IF THE 'GATORS DON'T GET ME, THE DYSENTERY WILL!

BOOT KNIFE!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T FRAME

HRR AARRR AIIIEE!

GATOR

PART 2

GOT TO GET MY LAWGIVER OUT OF THIS **SLUDGE!**

KNOW IT'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE... AHH –

BADAM!

HEADS OR TAILS...

YOU LOSE.

BELOW, THE 'GATORS CANNIBALISE THEIR DEAD COMPANIONS –

DREDD'S TORCH PICKS OUT THE REMAINS OF HIS PERP, BRIAN DE VIMTO —

NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HIM NOW.

YOU VERMIN! THAT'S YOUR LAST MEAL!

BADAM! BADAM!

DREDD'S BULLETS STRIKE WITH COMPLETE EFFICIENCY —

HRAA

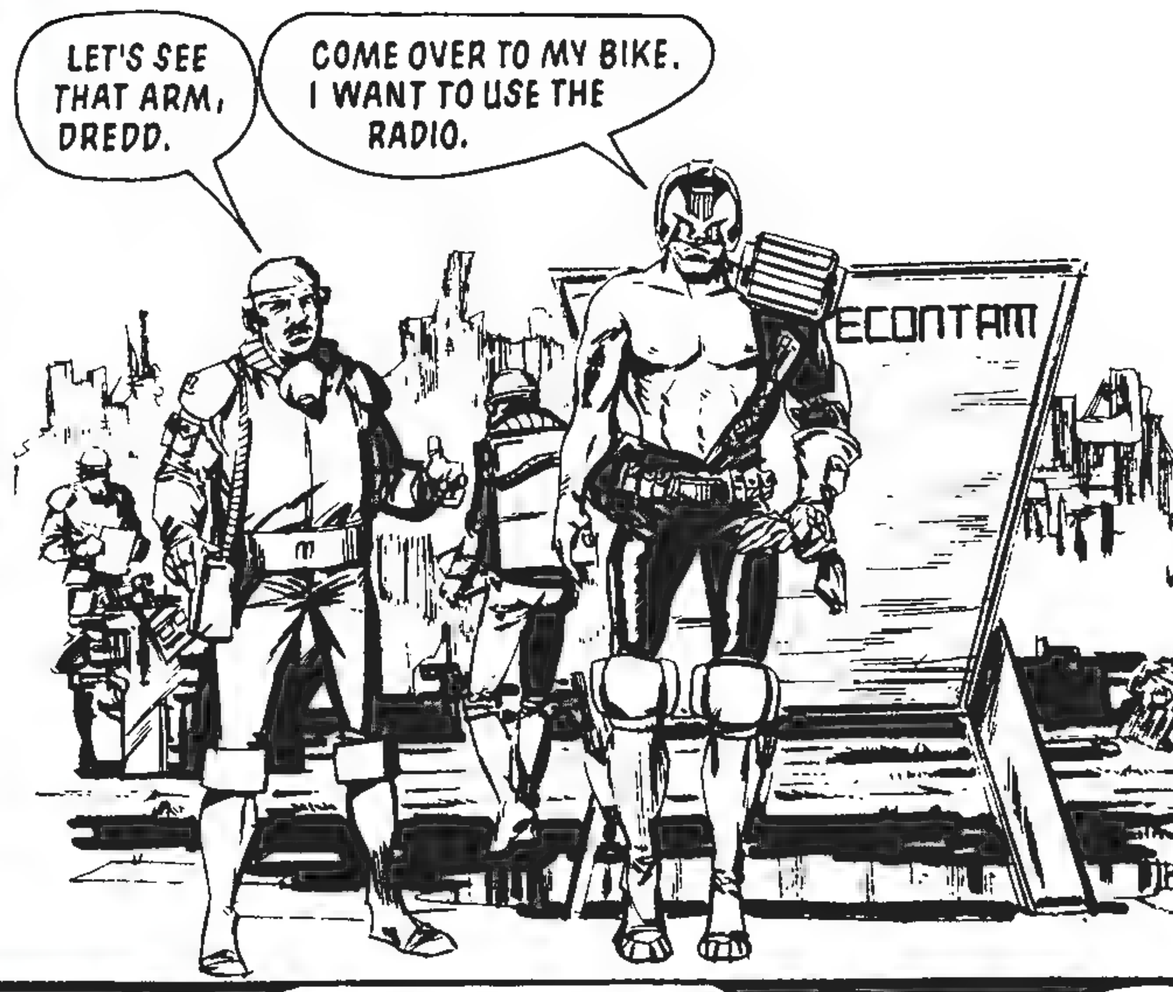
ONE NEST WIPED OUT... BUT THERE ARE A **THOUSAND KILOMETRES** OF SEWER UNDER OLD TOWN. NO TELLING **HOW** MANY MORE 'GATORS THERE ARE HERE.

BACK ABOVE GROUND, A MOBILE MED UNIT IS SOON ON THE SCENE —

INCINERATE THAT UNIFORM!

DECONTAM

DECONTAM
JUDGE DREDD

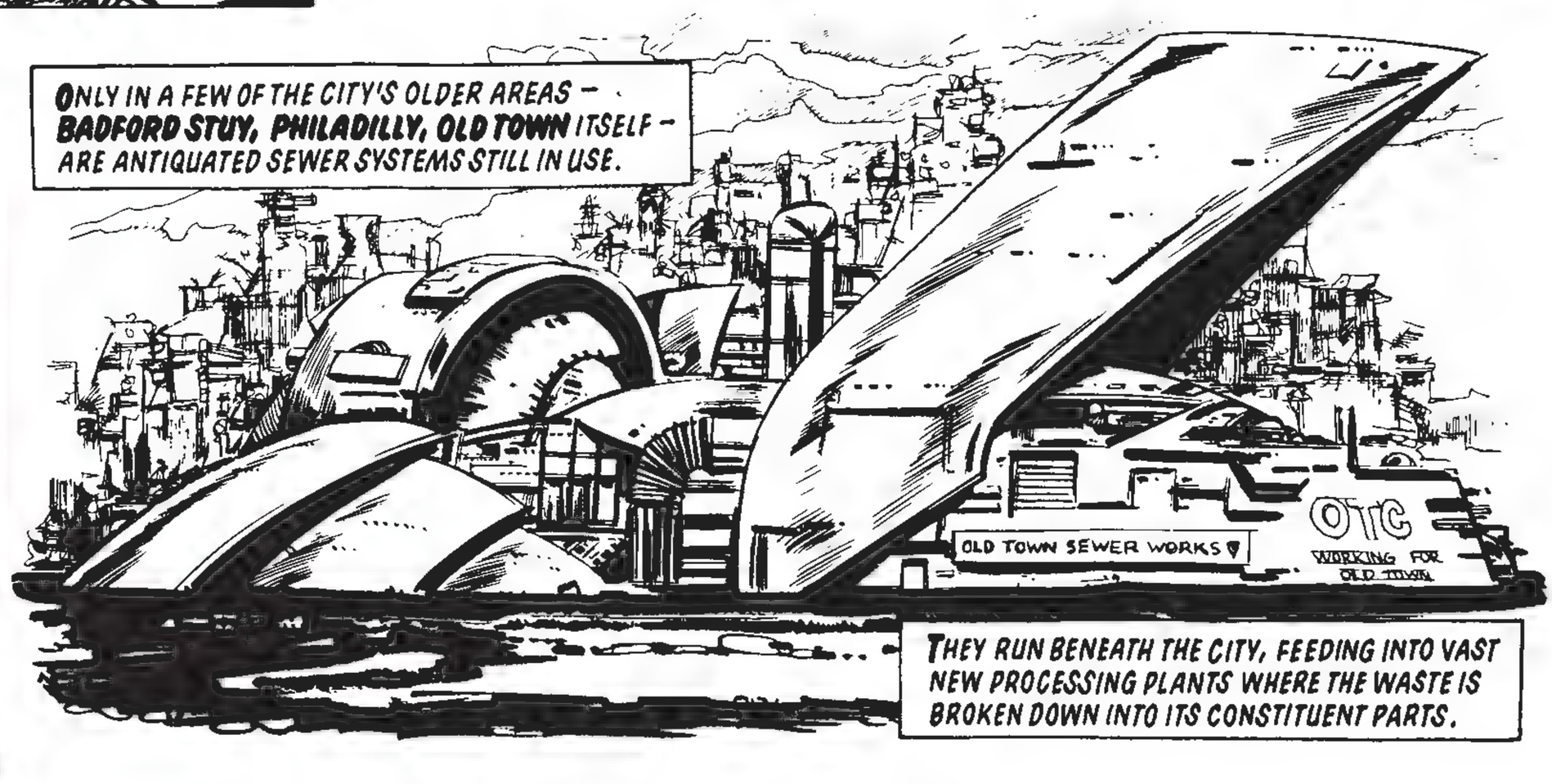

LET'S SEE THAT ARM, DREDD.
COME OVER TO MY BIKE. I WANT TO USE THE RADIO.
DECONTAM

THE 'GATORS MUST'VE BEEN DOWN THERE A LONG TIME – LONG ENOUGH TO ADAPT TO THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT. THEY'RE BLIND AND WHITE – LIKE CAVE SPECIES.
RIGHT – PEOPLE USED TO BUY THEM AS PETS AND FLUSH 'EM AWAY WHEN THEY GOT TOO BIG. HASN'T HAPPENED FOR, OH... MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS NOW.

AND NOBODY'S BEEN DOWN THERE TO CHECK IN ALL THAT TIME?
MULTI-BIOTIC, THREE CCS.

NO ALCOHOL FOR 36 HOURS. AND LAY OFF THE ROMANCE FOR A WEEK.
YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?

DREDD TO CONTROL. CONTACT SEWAGE BOSS SMELLIE – TELL HIM I'M ON MY WAY.


ONLY IN A FEW OF THE CITY'S OLDER AREAS – BADFORD STUY, PHILADILLY, OLD TOWN ITSELF – ARE ANTIQUATED SEWER SYSTEMS STILL IN USE.
OLD TOWN SEWER WORKS
OTC
WORKING FOR OLD TOWN
THEY RUN BENEATH THE CITY, FEEDING INTO VAST NEW PROCESSING PLANTS WHERE THE WASTE IS BROKEN DOWN INTO ITS CONSTITUENT PARTS.

LIQUID MATTER IS STRAINED, PURIFIED AND RETURNED TO THE CITY'S WATER SUPPLY —

ANY OTHER USEFUL CHEMICALS ARE ISOLATED AND EXTRACTED.

THE POISONOUS RESIDUE IS FED INTO CULTURE TANKS TO BE BROKEN DOWN BY TAILOR-MADE BACTERIA. WHEN THE PROCESS IS COMPLETE, IT FORMS THE RAW MATERIAL FOR **POLYPROPYLOP**.

FROM THIS VERSATILE POLYMER CAN BE MADE A WIDE RANGE OF PRODUCTS, FROM SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD DURABLES TO ENTIRE BUILDINGS.

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, EVEN WASTE DOESN'T GO TO WASTE.

TRASH MASH

BOSS OF OLD TOWN'S SEWAGE WORKS, **ELDRIDGE** "WITH-A-NAME-LIKE-MINE-WHAT-ELSE-COULD-I-BE?" **SMELLIE** —

JUDGE DREDD! THIS IS AN HONOUR, SIR! ALLOW ME TO GIVE YOU A CONDUCTED TOUR OF THE PLANT!

I'M HERE ON BUSINESS, SMELLIE.

HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH **VERMIN** LATELY?

WHY, NO! OUR MAINTENANCE DROIDS ARE PROGRAMMED TO RECOGNISE RATS AND ELIMINATE THEM. AND THERE AREN'T EVEN THAT MANY RATS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

YOU KNOW WHY, SMELLIE? 'COS THE '**GATORS** EAT THEM.

'GATORS?

'**GATORS**. YOUR SEWERS ARE **CRAWLING** WITH THEM.

FIVE-METRE-LONG...BLIND... WHITE 'GATORS.

THEY'VE JUST **EATEN** TWO OF MY PERPS – AND I WANNA KNOW WHAT THE **HELL** THEY'RE **DOIN'** THERE!

ULP! I-I GUESS OUR DROIDS JUST AREN'T PROGRAMMED TO **RECOGNISE** 'GATORS, JUDGE.

I'LL CHANGE THEIR PROGRAMS IMMEDIATELY! I'LL SEND EVERY DROID INTO THE TUNNELS! WE'LL HAVE THOSE **BEASTS** ELIMINATED WITHIN A COUPLE OF DAYS, DON'T WORRY.

I'M NOT WORRIED.

I'M JUST WONDERING HOW TO PHRASE YOUR **NEGLIGENCE** CHARGE.

ATTENTION – JUDGE DREDD! WE'VE RUN A CHECK ON OUR **CIV ACTIVITY ROSTER.**

SEEMS **JIMMY TARBUCK** BLOCK **SURVIVAL CLUB** HAVE BEEN GRANTED PERMISSION FOR A FIVE-DAY SURVIVAL EXERCISE IN THE OLD TOWN SEWERS.

CANCEL IT!

TOO LATE. **THEY WENT DOWN AN HOUR AGO.**

ULP!

NEXT PROG: **JIMMY TARBUCK MEETS THE 'GATORS!**

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE ANCIENT SEWERS BENEATH MEGA-CITY ONE'S **OLD TOWN**, THE **JIMMY TARBUCK** BLOCK **SURVIVAL CLUB** UNDERGO A FIVE-DAY EXERCISE...

OKAY! ANYBODY KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

MARIO?

HOW THE HECK SHOULD I KNOW, SHERM? ONE STINKIN' SEWER'S THE SAME AS ANOTHER-!

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, MARIO! IF THIS WAS THE **REAL THING**, THESE SEWERS COULD BE OUR ONLY CHANCE OF **SURVIVAL**.

WH-WHAT IF WE GET LOST, SHERMAN? WH-WHAT IF WE NEVER FIND OUR WAY OUT?

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, BOBERTA! WE'VE ONLY BEEN DOWN HERE FOR AN **HOUR**! YOU GOT ANOTHER **FIVE DAYS** BEFORE YOU EARN YOUR MERIT BADGE!

I'M FRIGHTENED, SHERM! I-I DON'T **WANNA** STAY DOWN HERE FOR FIVE DAYS!

RIGHT! WE DONE ENOUGH SURVIVIN'! WE WANNA GO HOME NOW!

WE CAN'T! WE'RE LOST! **LOST!**

CALM DOWN, ALL OF YOU!

LOOK, WE'RE **NOT** LOST! NOT WHILE WE'VE GOT RANDY HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS! I USED TO WORK FOR THE SEWAGE DEPT BACK IN THE OLD DAYS. SIXTY YEARS AGO... BUT I STILL KNOW EVERY TUNNEL LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND.

YES, SIR! AS LONG AS OL' RANDY'S WITH YOU THERE'S **NO DANGER!**

GRRRAA!

AAAGH!

RANDY!

GATOR PART 3

SCRIPT: T.B GROVER
ART: KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING: T. FRAME

AAAH!

IT—IT'S SOME KINDA 'GATOR!

SPLISH!

AAIIEE!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, TARBUCKERS! RANDY NEEDS HELP! **EVERYBODY INTO THE SLUDGE!**

RRRRRRR

Splishhh!

HELP!

AGHH!

M-MORE OF 'EM!

GRRAAAAA

DISREGARD MY LAST ORDER! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE SLUDGE!

MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE, A RESCUE OPERATION IS UNDERWAY—

UNIT TWO, GOING IN!

UNIT THREE, GOING IN!

UNIT FOUR, GOING IN!

OKAY! THE MINUTE YOU SIGHT A MEMBER OF **TARBUCK SURVIVAL CLUB**, LET ME KNOW!

DREDD LEADS HIS OWN SQUAD DOWN INTO THE MAZE OF SEWERS —

PLACE RADIO RELAYS AT EVERY JUNCTION. IT'S IMPERATIVE WE KEEP CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE OTHER UNITS.

JIMMY TARBUCK SURVIVAL CLUB! YOU ARE IN DANGER —

REPEAT, DANGER! LEAVE BY THE NEAREST AVAILABLE EXIT!

GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY 'GATORS THERE ARE IN HERE... AND TARBUCK WENT IN **UNARMED**.

IT'LL BE A TEST OF SURVIVAL ALL RIGHT!

THERE'S NO SAVING THEM!

IT'S HORRIBLE!

THIS IS ALL **YOUR** FAULT, SHERM!

YEAH! YOU BROUGHT US IN HERE! IT AIN'T RIGHT YOU SHOULD GET AWAY WITH IT!

B-BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS GATORS!

SO NOW YOU KNOW!

NO!

'RAAAY! IT'S GOT HIM!

HA HA! HAHA!

SERVES YOU RIGHT, YOU DIRTY FINK!

STOP JUMPING! THE LEDGE —

AAAGHHH!

-IT'S GIVING WAY!

UNIT THREE HERE! NO SIGN OF THE TARBUCKERS — A FEW 'GATORS, THOUGH!

BLAM

YEAH. SAME WITH US.

aaaaahhH!

LISTEN — DOWN THERE!

LET'S GO!

AAAAAAHH

THAT WAY!

AHEAD, WHERE THE TUNNEL BROADENED –

JUDGES!

W-WE MADE IT!

GET THOSE SURVIVORS BACK UP THE TUNNEL!

BADAM!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE BULLETS RIP INTO THEIR TARGETS –

KADOOM!

FEW BEASTS SURVIVE TO SCURRY FOR COVER –

ALL UNITS CONVERGE – GRID REFERENCE 40-26!

CONTROL! I WANT MED UNITS AND MEAT WAGONS STANDING BY, EXIT 33!

HRAAIEE!

LATER – FAR AS WE CAN TELL, WE GOT 23 BODIES – OR BITS OF THEM. EIGHT SURVIVORS, FIVE OF THEM WITH SERIOUS INJURIES, MAINLY MISSING LIMBS.

OKAY, THAT TALLIES WITH THEIR PERSONNEL LIST.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE THE SEWER DROIDS TO GET ON WITH THE EXTERMINATION.

A CROWD HAS GATHERED UP ABOVE –

WHAT HAPPENED?

TARBUCK SURVIVAL CLUB EXERCISE.

LOOKS LIKE THEY FLUNKED OUT!

NEXT PROG: A QUESTION OF JUDGEMENT!

JUDGE DREDD

QUESTION OF JUDGEMENT.

IN MEGA-CITY ONE THE ANNUAL **APOCALYPSE DAY PARADE** IS TAKING PLACE —

RAD-FELLOWS SOCIETY

VICTIMS OF THE APOCALYPSE "LEST WE FORGET"

STRONGER CITIDEFS- MORE WARS

EAST-MEG 2... YOU'RE NEXT!

VETERANS CLUB

ONE-THREE-FIVE-SEVEN **DROP THEM BOMBS AND GO TO HEAVEN!**

APOCALYPSE THEN!

DAUGHTERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

MORPH. I WAS HOPING I'D RUN INTO YOU.

JUDGE DREDD... NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JOE.

TWO-FOUR-SIX-EIGHT WHO CAN'T WE OBLITERATE?

NOBODY!

PRO-NUKE ALLIANCE

SOME APOCALYPSE DAY — HALF THESE JOKERS ARE CELEBRATING THE **START** OF THE WAR, NOT THE **END** OF IT.

GUESS IT'S THE ONLY TIME IN THEIR LIVES THEY WEREN'T **BORED.**

HMMPH. ANYWAY, HOW'RE YOU KEEPING, MORPH?

AH, NOT SO BAD. GETTIN' OLD, JOE... KINDA RICKETY FOR THESE MEAN STREETS.

GEBBACK THERE, YA BIMBOS! KEEP IN ORDER! THIS IS A PARADE, NOT A **CIRCUS!**

YEAH, GUESS IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I TAKE THE HIKE — THE LONG WALK.

BUT YOU DIDN'T LOOK ME OUT TO HEAR MY RETIREMENT PLANS. WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, JOE?

I MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM — A QUESTION OF JUDGEMENT. I COULD DO WITH SOME ADVICE FROM A WISE OLD HEAD.

SO YOU'VE COME TO THE MAN WHO GAVE YOU YOUR **FULL EAGLE**, EH? OKAY, JOE... ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT AN OLD ROOKIE! LET'S HEAR IT.

SPECKY!

DREDD

OW!

IT HAPPENED YESTERDAY. I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT EVER SINCE.

IT WAS A RUN OF THE MILL **ARV** TURNED HOMICIDE.

PERP NAME OF **FESTER BUNT**...

STOP!

DROP YOUR WEAPON!

BLAM!

DROP **DEAD**, LAWMAN!

BADAM!

AAAGH!

I KILLED HIM, MORPH – THING IS, I DIDN'T **HAVE** TO. I COULD'VE **DISARMED** HIM.

COME **ON**, JOE! WE'RE TALKING ABOUT **BASIC PROCEDURE** HERE. THE HAND OR WEAPON'S ALWAYS RISKY... THE **KILL** SHOT IS THE **SAFE** SHOT.

BUT I **COULD** HAVE DONE IT. YOU KNOW MY ACCURACY, MORPH – I PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD AT 30 METRES. I COULD HAVE TAKEN HIS GUN.

BUT I **DIDN'T.**

HE WAS JUST SOME MORE SCUM TO BE CLEANED OFF THE STREETS. NOT THAT HE'D SEE IT THAT WAY.

IF I'D GIVEN HIM THE CHOICE HE'D HAVE SETTLED FOR A SHATTERED HAND AND 20 YEARS IN THE CUBES.

JOE, YOU'RE MAKIN' TOO MUCH OF IT. YOU TOOK THE PERCENTAGE SHOT, THE WAY YOUR TRAINING DRUMMED INTO YOU, THAT'S ALL.

RECKON?

LISTEN, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH –

CRAWLIN' **WON'T** GET YOU ANYWHERE, **MEATHEAD! BACK BEHIND THE CORDON!**

–IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US. HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. YOU START DOUBTING YOUR JUDGEMENT – THE WHOLE JOB. YOU WONDER IF WHAT WE'RE DOING IS RIGHT, EVEN WHEN YOU **KNOW** IT IS.

SOME JUDGES NEVER GET OVER IT. HAVE TO LEAVE THE FORCE. BUT MOST... WELL, THEY GET OVER IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

YEAH. MAYBE I NEED A BREAK... TIME TO THINK.

SURE, THAT'S ONE WAY. SOME TAKE A DESK JOB FOR A WHILE - SOME GO SEE THE SHRINK. TELL YOU HOW I GOT OVER IT.

TIGHT BOOTS.

ONE MORE SHOVE IN THE BACK, SONNY, AN' I'LL HAVE YOU IN THE **JUVE CUBES** BEFORE YOUR STREET CREEPERS TOUCH THE GROUND!

ULP!

TIGHT BOOTS?

SURE. SEE, ALL I NEEDED WAS SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS, STOP ME BROODING. SO I CHANGED MY **BOOTS** - STARTED WEARING A SIZE TOO **SMALL**.

BY GRUD, DID THOSE BOOTS HURT!

THING IS, JOE, I SPENT SO MUCH TIME CURSING OUT THOSE DAMNED BOOTS, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MY OTHER WORRIES. I'VE NEVER LOOKED BACK SINCE.

ALL RIGHT, CLOWN! I WARNED YOU!

IT-IT WASN'T ME, SIR! IT'S THEM BEHIND ME **PUSHIN'**!

MORPH!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, MORPH.

SURE, JOE. AND REMEMBER, WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO THE BOTTOM LINE, THAT CREEP'S GOT NO COMPLAINT.

HE KNEW THE RULES. HE SACRIFICED HIS RIGHT TO LIVE AS SOON AS HE TURNED THAT GUN ON A JUDGE.

ALL RIGHT! THAT'S IT! **YOU** AN' **YOU** AN' **YOU**! I'M HANDIN' OUT **TIME** NOW!

LATER—

TIGHT BOOTS, HUH? THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

STORES

HMMM.

5

STILL...

...YOU NEVER KNOW

JUDGE DREDD

IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER CONVENES A DISCIPLINARY HEARING —

JUDGE DREDD, YOU STAND ACCUSED OF AN **ASSAULT** UPON A FELLOW OFFICER. HOW DO YOU PLEAD ?

GUILTY.

DREDD

CHIEF JUDGE, I **PROTEST**. THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE. DREDD CAUSED ME **ACTUAL BODILY HARM** ! THIS HEARING SHOULD BE HELD BEFORE THE **FULL** COUNCIL OF FIVE.

PROTEST NOTED, WINSLOW. BUT OVERRULED. IN MY JUDGEMENT IT'S PURELY A MATTER OF INTERNAL DISCIPLINE.

DREDD, DO YOU HAVE AN EXPLANATION FOR YOUR BEHAVIOUR ?

I'VE GOT NO EXCUSES. I LOST MY TEMPER - SIMPLE AS THAT.

THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH ! WHEN A JUDGE OF YOUR CALIBRE GOES OFF THE RAILS I WANT TO KNOW **WHY**. I **INSIST** ON IT.

VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST...

IT HAPPENED ABOUT A MONTH AGO. I WAS ON ROUTINE PATROL IN BOB DURAN BLOCK PARK. I CAME ACROSS A GROUP OF YOUNG JUVES IN SOME AGITATION...

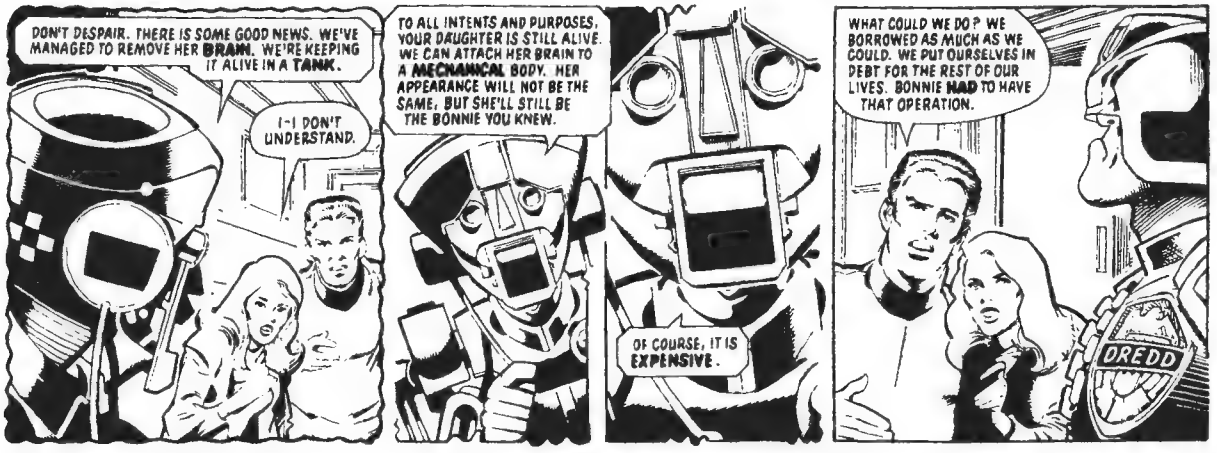
ERROR OF JUDGEMENT

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM ?
WAAAHH!
IT'S THAT BONNIE CRICKLE ! SHE STOLE LUCY'S PET RAT !
SHE LIVES UP IN 330 ! THAT'S WHERE SHE'S GONE !
SHE AIN'T NORMAL, JUDGE –
– SINCE SHE HAD THE OPERATION !
"I WENT UP TO 330 –"
CRICKLE ? I HAVE A COMPLAINT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, BONNIE.
IT'S... ABOUT THE RAT, ISN'T IT ?
PLEASE DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HER. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT STEALING.
WHERE IS SHE ?

DROKK!
NICE RATTTEEE! LOVV BONNNEEEE!
I'M AFRAID SHE'S CRUSHED IT!
SHE USED TO BE SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL. SO FULL OF LIFE. UNTIL THE ACCIDENT.
WE WERE OUT FOR OUR EVENING STROLL ON THE WASTEGROUND. BONNIE STRAYED OFF THE PATH. THEN IT HAPPENED —
HEELLLPPPP!
MY GOD! A CHEM PIT!
SHE'S HALF BURNT AWAY!

WE RUSHED HER TO HOSPITAL, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE...
HER BODY WAS DISINTEGRATING TOO RAPIDLY. I'M AFRAID WE LOST IT!
OH BONNIE!


DON'T DESPAIR. THERE IS SOME GOOD NEWS. WE'VE MANAGED TO REMOVE HER BRAIN. WE'RE KEEPING IT ALIVE IN A TANK.
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, YOUR DAUGHTER IS STILL ALIVE. WE CAN ATTACH HER BRAIN TO A MECHANICAL BODY. HER APPEARANCE WILL NOT BE THE SAME. BUT SHE'LL STILL BE THE BONNIE YOU KNEW.
OF COURSE, IT IS EXPENSIVE.
WHAT COULD WE DO? WE BORROWED AS MUCH AS WE COULD. WE PUT OURSELVES IN DEBT FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES. BONNIE HAD TO HAVE THAT OPERATION.
DREDD

AS YOU CAN SEE, IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT!

BADD RATTEEE! BONNNEEE SMACKK!

SHE'S NOT OUR BONNIE AT ALL!

SEEMS HER BRAIN NEVER COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK – FAILED TO MAKE ALL THE RIGHT CONNECTIONS.

THESE WERE GOOD PEOPLE, CHIEF JUDGE. DECENT, LAW-FEARING CITIZENS.

GRUD KNOWS, WE SEE ALL TOO FEW OF THEM.

MAYBE I WAS WRONG, BUT I FIGURED THEY DESERVED A BREAK.

"I TOOK THEM TO SEE **DOCTOR ROUFF** AT THE FULMAN CLINIC-"

HER BRAIN SIMPLY NEEDS TO BE **STIMULATED** INTO REPAIRING ITSELF. QUITE COMMON IN THESE CASES. WE CAN HAVE HER FUNCTIONING NORMALLY WITHIN A MONTH.

OH, DOCTOR, **COULD** YOU?

CERTAINLY! NOW HOW WILL YOU PAY? **MEGAMED? PRIVATE GRIPS PLAN?**

WE-WE HAVEN'T GOT MEDICAL INSURANCE. WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING. AND WE CAN'T GET ANY MORE CREDIT –

AHH...THAT'S A SHAME. YOU UNDERSTAND, I CAN'T WORK FOR NOTHING.

THE **CITY** WILL PAY!

BONNIE MADE EXCELLENT PROGRESS, CHIEF JUDGE. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HER BRAIN WAS CO-ORDINATING PROPERLY. I WENT TO SEE HER BEFORE THE END OF THE TREATMENT...

DREDD

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, JUDGE DREDD. I CAN SPEAK PROPERLY NOW, AND UNDERSTAND THINGS. AND THE DOCTOR SAYS I CAN SOON GO HOME.

I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU, BONNIE.

I'M A BUSY JUDGE. THE BONNIE CRICKLE CASE SLIPPED FROM MY MIND. THEN, YESTERDAY, I GOT A CALL. THERE'D BEEN AN ACCIDENT OUTSIDE BOB DURAN.

WHEN I GOT THERE, BONNIE WAS SPREAD ALL OVER THE SQUARE.

WHAT HAPPENED?

WE-WE WERE BRINGING BONNIE HOME FROM THE CLINIC. SHE SAW SOME OF THE BLOCK JUVES PLAYING...

HEY, YOU GUYS! IT'S ME - BONNIE!

LOOK, I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! I'M NORMAL AGAIN!

IT'S METAL BONNIE! UGH!

SHE'S HORRIBLE!

FREAKY! FREAKY!

TH-THEY DON'T WANT ME! THEY HATE ME!

EVERYTHING'S NOT ALL RIGHT! I'M STILL A FREAK!

BONNIE - LOOK OUT!

CRUNKKK!

I'M SORRY. IT'S MY FAULT. I SHOULD HAVE LEFT HER THE WAY SHE WAS.

NO, JUDGE DREDD.

THE WAY SHE WAS, THAT WASN'T OUR BONNIE. IF SHE'D HAD TO STAY LIKE THAT... THEN IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.

"WINSLOW WAS WAITING FOR ME WHEN I CHECKED IN —"

DREDD! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MEANING OF THIS ? 130,000 CREDITS FOR MEDICAL EXPENSES ?

IT'S WITHIN MY DISCRETION, WINSLOW.

DISCRETION'S ONE THING, DREDD — THIS IS SHEER EXTRAVAGANCE ! AND WHY — ?

LEAVE IT, WINSLOW. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.

SO SOME NO-ACCOUNT JUVE CAN GET TREATMENT ! ANOTHER LEECH, FEEDING OFF THE CITY !

I SAID SHUT UP !

THERE, YOU SEE! A TOTALLY UNPROVOKED ASSAULT! I DEMAND THE STIFFEST PENALTY – **TWENTY YEARS** ON **TITAN!**

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, WINSLOW. IT HARDLY WARRANTS THAT.

JUDGE DREDD, CONSIDERING THE MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES, NO DISCIPLINARY ACTION WILL BE TAKEN AGAINST YOU. I AM CERTAIN THIS ONE BLEMISH ON YOUR OTHERWISE SPOTLESS RECORD IS PUNISHMENT ENOUGH.

CASE DISMISSED.

DREDD – BEFORE YOU GO, A WORD...

HAMMPH!

JUDGE **MORPHY** CAME TO SEE ME THIS MORNING. HE SAID YOU'D BEEN VOICING CERTAIN... DOUBTS ABOUT YOUR JUDGEMENT IN THE BUNT CASE.

ON THE EVIDENCE I'VE JUST HEARD, THESE DOUBTS MAY WELL BE JUSTIFIED.

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE LOST CONTROL AND HIT WINSLOW. BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE BECOME INVOLVED IN THE CRICKLE CASE IN THE FIRST PLACE. THAT'S **WELFARE'S** JOB.

I KNOW THAT NOW.

SO ALTHOUGH I'M NOT TAKING ANY ACTION AGAINST YOU, I MUST INSIST ON ONE THING...

...YOU MUST UNDERGO A **PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION** TO ESTABLISH YOUR FITNESS TO CONTINUE AS A **JUDGE.**

A CASE FOR TREATMENT

JUDGE DREDD

FOLLOWING CERTAIN LAPSES OF JUDGEMENT, DREDD HAS BEEN ORDERED TO UNDERGO PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION.

I TAKE IT YOU'VE NO OBJECTION TO THIS EXAMINATION?

A CASE FOR TREATMENT

SCRIPT WAGNER/GRANT
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I DID, RHEINHART. MY FIRST DUTY IS TO ENSURE MY OWN **EFFICIENCY** AS A JUDGE.

GOOD. THESE PROBLEMS AREN'T UNCOMMON. **ALL** JUDGES GO THROUGH THEM SOONER OR LATER.

I WANT TO DELVE INTO YOUR **PAST**. SEE IF I CAN GET AT THE **ROOT** OF THE TROUBLE.

THIS INJECTION WILL HELP OVERCOME YOUR RESISTANCE TO **HYPNOSIS**.

RELAX. FOCUS ON THE **STROBE**. LET YOUR CONSCIOUS MIND **SLIP AWAY**.

I WANT TO TAKE YOU **BACK**...

RHEINHART

BACK...

BACK...

BACK...

CASETAPE: DREDD SEG 01

YOU ARE **FIVE** YEARS OLD –

FIVE...

– YOU HAVE JUST ENTERED THE **ACADEMY OF LAW**. HOW DO YOU FEEL ?

STRANGE...I'M WITH OTHERS, BUT I FEEL ALONE. . . CONFUSED. . .

DREDD'S THOUGHT WAVES ARE TRANSLATED INTO VISUAL IMAGES ON RHEINHART'S MONITOR –

WHAT AM I DOING HERE ? WHO **AM** I ?

DON'T YOU KNOW ?

ALL I KNOW IS... MY NAME IS DREDD. I AM A **CADET** JUDGE. BEFORE THAT...

...IT'S CLOUDED...

DIG **DEEP**! GO BACK. TRY TO REMEMBER. WHAT DO YOU SEE?

I'M...FLOATING. IT'S WARM – BUBBLING WARM... FRIENDLY. I LIVE HERE AND...AND...

AND...?

NOTHING. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE.

CASETAPE: DREDD S86 04

YOU ARE **EIGHT**. HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW ABOUT YOUR ORIGINS – ABOUT BEING A **CLONE**?

AT FIRST I WAS...HURT. THEN PROUD. TO BE OF THE SAME BLOOD AS **FARGO**, THE FATHER OF JUSTICE – IT WAS A GREAT HONOUR.

DO YOU STILL FEEL **PRIDE**?

NO. I AM A CADET JUDGE. THERE MUST BE NO PLACE IN MY LIFE FOR PETTY **SELF-CONGRATULATION**.

DO YOU ENJOY BEING A CADET?

YES.

IT'S MY LIFE – WHAT I WAS CLONED FOR.

IT'S **ALL** THERE IS.

CASETAPE:DREDD S66 07

YOU'RE **TWELVE** NOW. YOUR CLONE-BROTHER **RICO** IS ALSO EXCELLING AT THE ACADEMY.

I'M GLAD HE'S DOING WELL.

THERE IS A STRONG BOND BETWEEN US. WE ARE ONE AND THE SAME.

I MUST STRIVE TO OVERCOME THIS FEELING. PERSONAL AFFECTIONS IMPAIR EFFICIENCY.

CASETAPE:DREDD S66 13

YOU'VE BEEN A FULL JUDGE FOR TWO YEARS NOW. DO YOU ENJOY IT ?

DON'T ASK STUPID QUESTIONS, RHEINHART.

THE STREETS ARE CRAWLIN' WITH SCUM. EVERYBODY AND HIS UNCLE'S OUT THERE ON THE MAKE.

I HANDLE A HUNDRED SERIOUS CRIMES EVERY DAY — ARVs TO MULTIPLE HOMICIDE. AND THERE'S ALWAYS A CREEP ROUND THE NEXT CORNER, WAITING TO BAG HIMSELF A JUDGE.

ENJOY IT ?

OF **COURSE** I ENJOY IT !

CASETAPE: DREDD S16 18

YOU'VE JUST SHOT **RICO**. DOES IT... DISTURB YOU ?

NATURALLY. HE **IS** MY CLONE-BROTHER.

SO YOU'VE NEVER OVERCOME YOUR FEELINGS FOR HIM ?

NO. BUT IT DIDN'T STOP ME DOING MY DUTY.

CASETAPE: DREDD S16 22

LET'S TALK ABOUT THESE **DOUBTS** YOU'VE BEEN HAVING. THE **BUNT** CASE, FOR INSTANCE - YOU CLAIM YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL THIS PERP ?

NO, I COULD HAVE DISARMED HIM.

BUT THE **KILL** SHOT IS **STANDARD PROCEDURE**.

I MEAN, THIS CREEP'S JUST GUTTED AN OLD-AGE CIT - GRUD KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS BEFORE YOU CAUGHT HIM.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, PAT HIM ON THE BUTT AND SAY "DON'T DO IT AGAIN" ?

RELEASE WAS NOT AN OPTION. YOU'RE **DISTORTING** THE ISSUE, RHEINHART.

THEN THERE'S THE **CRICKLE** GIRL.

YES. I KNOW NOW. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT INVOLVED.

BUT YOU DID. **WHY ?**

I DON'T KNOW, RHEINHART. **YOU'RE** THE SHRINK – YOU TELL **ME**.

AFTER THE EXAMINATION – THERE'S NOTHING IN HIS HISTORY I CAN PINPOINT AS THE CAUSE OF THESE LAPSES. JUST THE NORMAL REACTION TO PROLONGED CONTACT WITH THE CITIZENRY, I'M AFRAID.

NO MATTER HOW HARD WE TRY TO CONTROL IT, SOONER OR LATER THE HUMAN BEING BEHIND THE MASK ALWAYS STARTS TO COME OUT. EVEN IN A STREET-HARD JUDGE LIKE DREDD.

SO WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT ?

IF HE KEEPS BROODING HE MAY BEGIN TO QUESTION HIS ROLE – HIS VERY FUNCTION AS A JUDGE. WE COULD **LOSE** HIM.

THAT'S UNACCEPTABLE!

THEN I'D RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE **PSYCHO-SURGERY**. WE'LL BURN OUT THE EMBRYONIC EMOTIONAL CENTRES.

NO!

SURGERY WOULD **DIMINISH** THE MAN. IF DREDD HAS PROBLEMS HE MUST OVERCOME THEM BY HIS OWN STRENGTH OF CHARACTER – HIS OWN WILL. THAT'S WHAT MAKES HIM THE JUDGE HE IS.

IN THAT CASE, KEEP HIM BUSY. DON'T GIVE HIM TIME TO BROOD. GET HIM AWAY FROM HIS **USUAL ROUTINE** BY ALL MEANS – BUT KEEP HIM BUSY.

VERY WELL. HE'S GOT A SMALL CASE OF ARMS DEALING TO CLEAR UP. THEN I HAVE JUST THE MISSION FOR HIM...

IT WILL BE HIS STERNEST TEST SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR!

THE WALLY SQUAD!

JUDGE DREDD

FAST PINO AND SILVAN SHEA ARE A REAL COUPLE OF SLICK JACKS. THEY DRINK ONLY THE BEST HOOCH AND FREQUENT THE CHICEST UNDERWORLD SHUGGY DIVES. WORD HAS IT THAT THEY'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN A HUNDRED SHADY DEALS. . .
WHICH IS STRANGE, CONSIDERING THEY'RE BOTH MEGA-CITY JUDGES.
KLIK!
TODAY, PINO AND SHEA ARE SETTING UP A MAJOR ARMS DEAL —
RAP!
RAP!
THEY'RE HERE!

WEAPON DETECTOR SAYS YOU'R PACKIN' ARTILLERY. DITCH IT!
BZZLT
YOU STEENKIN' YANKEES TAKE NO CHANCES, HEY?
TOO TRUE, PERU. THAT'S HOW WE STAYED ALIVE THIS LONG.
YOU BRING THE SAMPLE?

THE WALLY SQUAD!
PART 1
RIGHT HERE, SENOR...
...TOP QUALITY ARMS - PRIME CONDEETION GUARANTEED!
KLIK!
SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART BRETT EWINS
LETTERING T FRAME

NEAT MEAT, PERU. THEY ALL LIKE THIS ?
BOT OF COURSE! ONE THOUSAND OF THEM!
HOW'D YOU COME BY SO MANY OF 'EM ?
AH, THE BEEG PURGE, SENOR. FIRST THE RIGHT GO, THEN THE LEFT GO. WE PAY THE LEETLE BRIBE – TAKE THEM STRAIGHT OFF THE BLOCK.
EEN MY COUNTRY, EES THE BES' WAY, NO ?
BOT TO BEESNESS! ONE MILLION CREDS, CASH IN THE HAND – THA'S MY PRICE.
DUNNO... PRETTY HARD TO OFFLOAD THAT MANY ARMS. IF YOU HAD ORGANS, NOW...
MADRE GRUD! IF WE HAVE THE ORGANS, THE PRICE SHE BE TEN MILLION! TAKE EET OR LEAVE EET, SENOR!
OKAY, DEAL.
IN MEGA-CITY ONE, TENSIONS BEING WHAT THEY ARE, JUDGES PREFER HIGH PROFILE POLICING. MAXIMUM VISIBILITY = MAXIMUM DETERRENCE.
THAT SAID, COVERT OPERATIONS WILL ALWAYS BE NECESSARY. FOR THIS PURPOSE, JUSTICE DEPT MAINTAINS AN UNDERCOVER DIVISION STAFFED BY JUDGES SPECIALLY TRAINED TO BEHAVE LIKE AVERAGE CITIZENS . . .
AMONG THEIR COLLEAGUES THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE WALLY SQUAD –
BIGGEST COLLECTION OF ODDBALLS I'VE SEEN SINCE MY LAST VISIT TO PSI-DIVISION!
YOU ASK 'EM TO ACT LIKE NORMAL CITS, YOU GOTTA EXPECT A BUNCHA KOOKS.

THE JOB GETS TO MOST OF THEM IN THE END. THEY FORGET WHERE THE **ACT** LEAVES OFF AND **REAL LIFE** BEGINS. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU IN.

IN CASES WHERE JUDGES' OPERATIONAL EFFICIENCY IS IN QUESTION, A SENIOR JUDGE FROM OUTSIDE DIVISION IS ALWAYS BROUGHT IN TO INVESTIGATE —

BENSON AND DARTH ARE POSING AS **ORGANLEGGERS** WORKING OUT OF SECTOR 34.

THEY'VE JUST REQUISITIONED A **MILLION CREDS** — SAID THEY WERE BUYING A SHIPMENT OF ILLEGAL ARMS SMUGGLED IN FROM THE ANDEAN CONGLOM.

JUDGE ORDE BENSON

JUDGE HOWARD DARTH

CURRENT IDENTITY : FAST PINO

CURRENT IDENTITY : SILVAN SHEA

ARMS ? YOU MEAN **GUNS** ?

NO, **LIMBS** — FOR TRANSPLANT. ONE THOUSAND LEFT AND RIGHT ARMS.

OH YEAH. THE PURGES.

IT'S THEIR **ATTITUDE** I'M WORRIED ABOUT. THEY'VE MADE NO REQUEST FOR DIVISION ASSIST — WHICH IS NORMALLY MANDATORY IN ANY BIG BUST.

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING SLICK JACK TOO LONG — FIGURE THEY CAN DO IT ALL ON THEIR OWN.

LAST THING WE NEED IS THE **LONE RANGER** AND **TONTO** OUT THERE ON THE STREETS. ORGANISE SURVEILLANCE. LET ME KNOW AS SOON AS THINGS START HAPPENING.

IT IS 36 HOURS BEFORE THE CALL COMES —

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! LOOKS LIKE THE **ARMS DEAL** IS **GO**!

A YELLOW LIMO'S JUST DRAWN UP OUTSIDE SHEA AND PINO'S BUILDING. SILVAN SHEA IS GETTING IN.

THERE'S ANOTHER LIMO DRAWING UP. YUP! IT'S THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL — READY TO PAY A VISIT ON PINO.

ON MY WAY!

ALL RIGHT, CITIZEN, GET YOUR CLOTHES ON — YOU'RE CLEAN.

TAKE MY ADVICE. NEXT TIME, DON'T LOOK SO SHIFTY.

THE ARMS DEALERS ARE IN THE BUILDING. WE'VE GOT MONITORS IN PINO'S APARTMENT.

OKAY, METAL DETECTOR SAYS YOU'RE UNARMED.

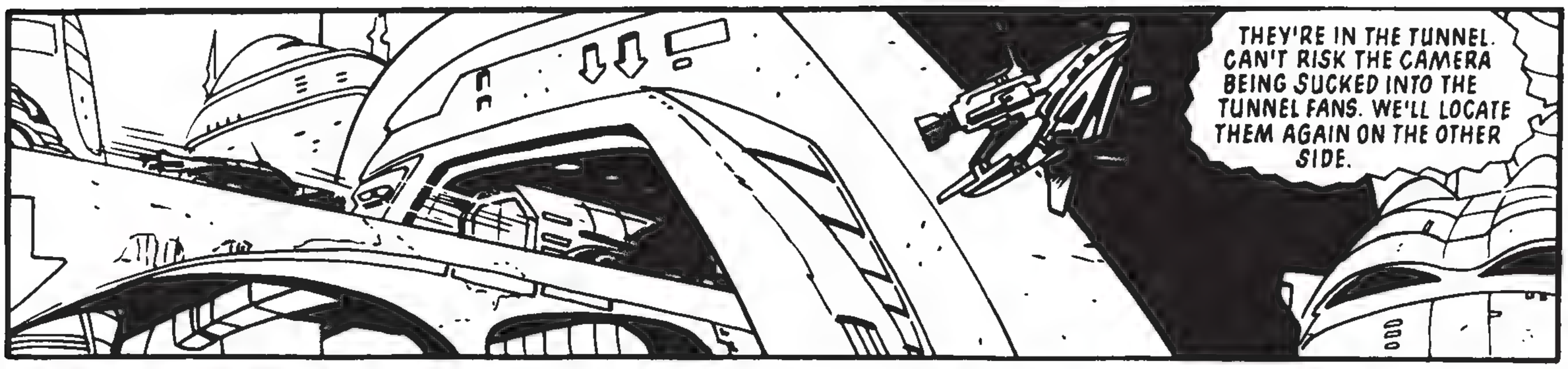
WE NO BREENG WEAPONS THEES TIME, SENOR! WE HAVE THE DEAL — WE **TROST** EACH OTHER, HEY?

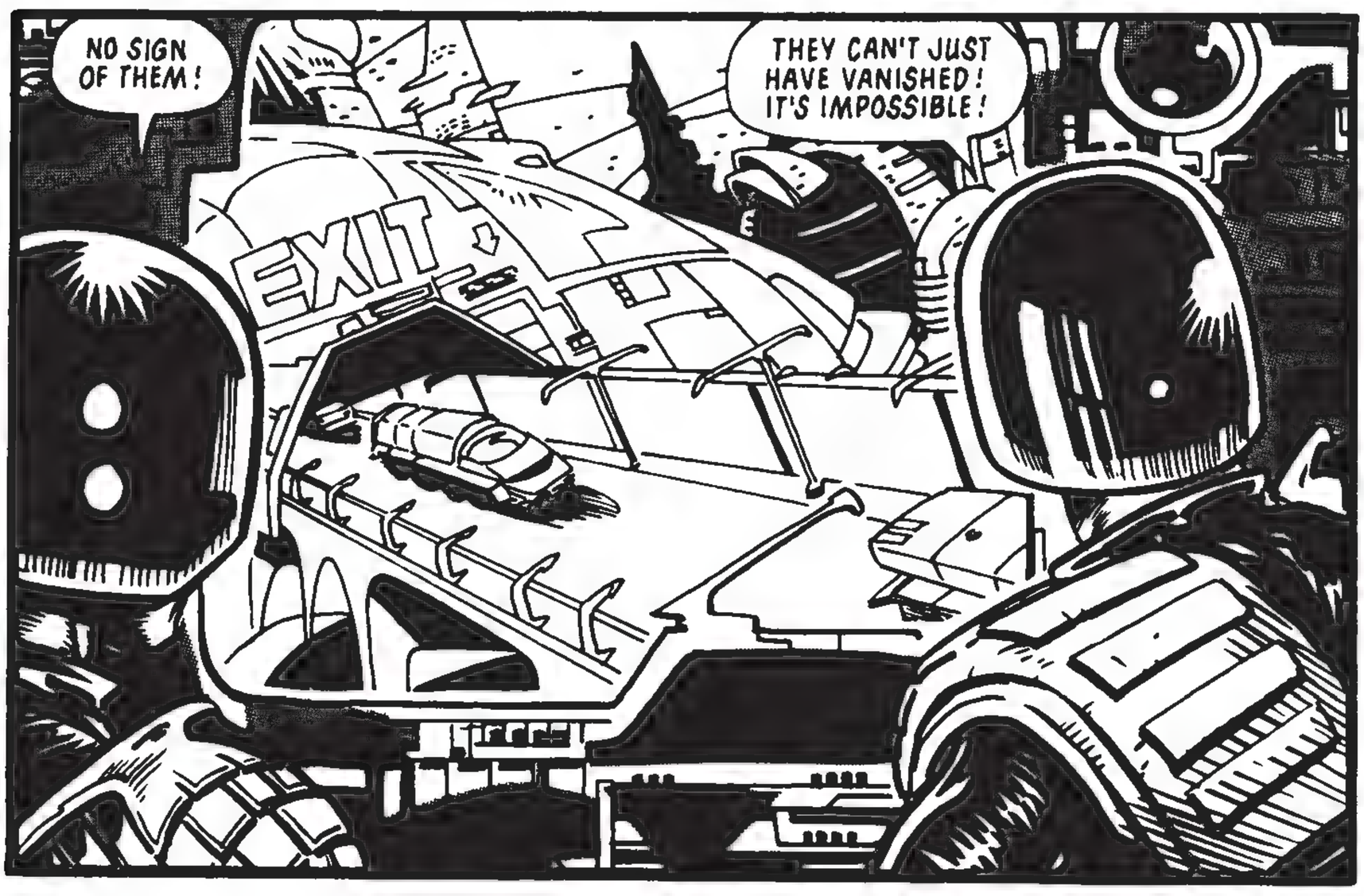
AH! I SEE YOU HAVE THE MONEY!

COUNT IT — THEN HANDS OFF TILL SHEA CONFIRMS HE'S SEEN THE MERCHANDISE.

A JUSTICE DEPT **SPY-IN-THE-SKY** CAMERA IS TAILING SHEA TO THE HANDOVER —

THEY'RE HEADING NORTH ON RIGATONI, APPROACHING CALVI UNDERHANG...





NEXT PROG:

THE STING!

JUDGE DREDD

TWO **UNDERCOVER** JUDGES, **BENSON** AND **DARTH**, ARE POSING AS ORGANLEGGERS **FAST PINO** AND **SILVAN SHEA** TO SET UP A LARGE PURCHASE OF ILLEGAL **HUMAN ARMS**. NOW, JUSTICE DEPT. SURVEILLANCE HAS LOST **SHEA**, THE PICK-UP MAN –

HIS LIMO WENT INTO THE TUNNEL AND NEVER CAME OUT! THE PERUVIANS HAVE PULLED SOME KIND OF **SWITCH** IN THERE!

INSIDE A SPEEDING ROADLINER –

HERE YOU ARE, SENOR! ONE THOUSAN' **ARMS** FOR YOUR EENSPECTION! BEST PRODUCE OF THE ANDEAN CONGLOM!

SHEA RADIOS HIS PARTNER –

PINO? **SHEA**. THE MERCHANDISE IS HERE. LOOKS LIKE PRIME BEEF.

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES TO TEST A COUPLE, THEN YOU CAN HAND OVER THE CASH.

YOU SEE, SENOR PINO? THE ARMS ARE THERE! YOU CAN **TROST** OS!

MM MMF FF!

"FIVE MINUTES". CODEPHRASE – SHEA DOESN'T WANT ME TO BUST THESE GOONS TILL HE'S TAKEN CARE OF HIS END.

OH, SENOR, ONE MORE THEENG –

THEES EES WHAT EES CALLED THE **STEENG**!

THE WALLY SQUAD!

PART 2

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART EWINS/McCARTHY
LETTERING T.FRAME

PINO'S APARTMENT IS ALSO UNDER SURVEILLANCE –
DROKK!
DREDD! IT'S A DOUBLECROSS! THEY'VE SHOT PINO!
I'M GOING IN!
SSSSKREEEE!
SO SORRY, SENOR. BOT YOU SEE, WE ALREADY HAVE THE COSTOMER. WE DON' NEED YOU!
PLASTIC BOLT... METAL DETECTOR DIDN'T REGISTER... STUPID!
CLIK!
YOUR STEENKIN' MONEY COME EEN HANDY, THOUGH!
ADIOS, SUCKER!
RAISE 'EM, CREEPS!
MADRE GRUD! KILL THE JODGE!
AAAHH!

PEEG! YOU NO TAKE ME ALIVE TO SEENG LIKE THE BIRD!

CRASH!

THERE GOES MY LEAD!

HONK!

BEEEP

GET A MED SQUAD HERE PRONTO! PINO'S STILL ALIVE!

LATER – MEDICS SAY NO ORGAN DAMAGE, DREDD. SHOCK, MAINLY. HE SHOULD BE FIT TO TALK IN ABOUT TWELVE HOURS.

ANY NEWS OF PINO'S PARTNER, SHEA?

NO. WE'VE LOST HIM. WE HAVE TO ASSUME HE GOT THE SAME AS PINO.

IT ADDS UP TO TWO UNDERCOVER WALLIES GETTING TOO BIG FOR THEIR BOOTS – AND NOW WE'RE LEFT WITH NOTHING...

WE'VE STILL GOT THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL ON THE LOOSE WITH A THOUSAND HOT ARMS. THAT MIGHT BE SPOTTABLE. I'LL PUT OUT AN APB.

HAVE YOUR WALLIES START SNIFFIN' AROUND - SEE IF THEY CAN FIND OUT WHAT SHADY TRANSPLANT CLINIC IS IN THE MARKET FOR **ARMS**.

YOU HEARD, SQUAD. GET GOING.

ON OUR WAY!

WALLY - *SLANG TERM FOR JUDGES OF UNDERCOVER DIVISION.*

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD! THIS IS **HUMPLEMAN**. JUST FOUND **SHEA'S** BODY, DUMPED ON RAVIOLI AND TWELFTH.

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!

THEY NEVER ARE.

LATE THAT NIGHT, DREDD VISITS UNDERCOVER DIV. MED BAY, WHERE JUDGE BENSON - ALIAS PINO - IS RECOVERING —

WE NEED INFORMATION, BENSON. ANYTHING THAT MIGHT GIVE US A LINE ON THESE LATIN LEGGERS.

CAN'T HELP YOU, DREDD. IT WAS SHEA - DARTH - WHO SET UP THE DEAL.

WHAT ABOUT THE **FIXER** – THE CREEP WHO PUT DARTH IN TOUCH IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HE WAS DARTH'S MAN. WE NEVER DISCUSSED CONTACTS – SECURITY REASONS.

DON'T WORRY, DREDD – **I'LL** FIND 'EM AND NAIL 'EM TO THE WALL!

THAT'S **TITAN** TALK, BENSON!

TITAN BEDAMNED! THEY KILLED MY PARTNER! THEY DESERVE TO DIE!

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING UNDERCOVER TOO LONG, BENSON. IT'S AFFECTING YOUR JUDGEMENT.

YOU AND YOUR PARTNER **BLEW** THIS DEAL BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD IGNORE PROCEDURES AND PLAY **LONE RANGER**. NOW YOU WANT **PERSONAL REVENGE**.

WELL, **NO WAY**, BENSON! YOU'RE OUT – ***SUSPENDED***. A FULL PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION WILL DECIDE WHETHER YOU BE RETURNED TO UNIFORM OR DISMISSED FROM THE FORCE ENTIRELY.

OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE, DREDD!

ASK A JUDGE TO ACT LIKE A CITIZEN, SOONER OR LATER HE **THINKS** LIKE ONE...TOO LATE TO REASSIGN BENSON NOW – HE'S GONE OVER THE EDGE.

DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN PARTNER'S CONTACT MAN, HUH? MY **FOOT** HE DOESN'T!

I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING YOU **VERY** CLOSELY, BENSON!

NEXT PROG:

FIXING THE FIXER!

JUDGE DREDD

WHEN A MAN WORKS FOR FOUR YEARS WITH THE SAME PARTNER, AND THEN THAT PARTNER GETS RUBBED OUT BY A GANG OF DOUBLE-CROSSING ORGANLEGGERS, IT'S ONLY NATURAL FOR A MAN TO GO LOOKING FOR REVENGE.

EXCEPT THAT ORDE BENSON IS A JUDGE...

BIKE POOL

ENTER

...AND JUDGES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE NATURAL.

CHECK IGNITION

THE WALLY SQUAD!

PART 3

ORDE BENSON HAS BEEN WORKING UNDERCOVER TOO LONG.

VRRMMM

THE BUG WE PLANTED ON BENSON SHOWS HE'S ON HIS WAY, DREDD. NOW RIDING EAST ON RUBIC...

BLEEP!

BLEEP!

BLEEP!

SECTO NINE

BLEEPER'S FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY.

RESPONDING!

BENSON LIED - SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW THE FIXER WHO ARRANGED THE ARMS DEAL. WANTED TO SAVE THE REVENGE FOR HIMSELF.

SO HE'LL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO THE FIXER - AND THROUGH HIM, THE ORGANLEGGERS WHO KILLED DARTH.

SHAME...

...IT MEANS BENSON'S GONE TOO FAR DOWNHILL TO SAVE.

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A BLOCK IN THE CENTRAL SECTORS -

HIYA, BEANY.

P-PINO! WHADDYA WANT ?

BLOOD!

DREDD! BENSON'S STOPPED - WE LOCATE HIM AT NANCY MITFORD TOWER.

I SEE IT.

COMPUTER - WHO HAVE WE GOT IN MITFORD WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF RECORD ?

CITIZEN HECTOR BEANY, PENTHOUSE 4. SUSPECTED UNDERWORLD MIDDLEMAN. SO FAR, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PIN A CONVICTION ON HIM.

WE COULD HAVE ONE NOW!

UP IN PENTHOUSE 4 –

NO YOU DON'T, BEANY! GIVE!

SEE THIS, BEANY? KNOW WHAT IT IS?

G-GEEZ! YOU'RE A JUDGE!

SO WAS MY PARTNER, BEANY. AND HE'S DEAD.

I WANT THOSE LEGGERS – I WANT 'EM BAD!

ENSO

HEY, PINO, I-I CAN'T –

I COUNT TO THREE, THEN YOU'RE DEAD.

ONE LOOK AT THOSE EYES IS ENOUGH TO TELL BEANY HE'S NOT LYING –

"WAREHOUSE ON DIRK STREET. 'FRIPPS', IT'S CALLED. THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE HOLED UP WITH THE ARMS!"

SPEED LIFT'S THE QUICKEST WAY!

WICKLAND – COVER THE STAIRS!

THANKS, BEANY. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.

WH-WHADDYA MEAN?

YOU FIXED THAT ARMS DEAL. YOU KNEW THEY WERE GONNA PULL A DOUBLE-CROSS. YOU KILLED MY PARTNER, BEANY...

...AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

Y-YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME IN COLD BLOOD! YOU'RE A JUDGE!

JUST WATCH ME, BEANY! HERE IT COMES!

BENSON!

DREDD! TRY TO STOP ME AND I'LL KILL YOU TOO!

WANNA BET?

YIKES!

WHOK!

YOU...KILLED A JUDGE TO...TO SAVE A JUDGE-KILLER! IT... AIN'T RIGHT...

GOTTA BE RIGHT. IT'S THE LAW.

DEAD.

BETTER THAT WAY – BETTER THAN TWENTY YEARS ON TITAN. PITY THOUGH. HE WAS A GOOD MAN...

THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE. HE LIVED THE LOW LIFE SO LONG, HE FORGOT HE WASN'T **JUST** A MAN. HE WAS A **JUDGE**.

AND OUR MISTAKE...

OUR MISTAKE WAS, WE DIDN'T SPOT IT IN TIME.

ACTING ON INFORMATION EXTRACTED FROM THE NOW COMPLIANT BEANY, JUDGES RAID THE WAREHOUSE ON DIRK STREET -

MADRE GRUD!

KRAASH

YEAH? WHAT'S THIS THEN?

AH...THE ARMS...SI!

YOU CREEPS! THIS IS YOUR ONE AND ONLY WARNING! OFFER ANY RESISTANCE AND YOU'RE DEAD!

DON' SHOOT, SENOR JODGE!

WHY YOU GET ROUGH WEETH OS? WE NO DO NOTHEENG!

SI! WE GOOD CLEAN-LIVING BOYS! PALS! AMIGOS!

THEES I CAN EXPLAIN...

SAVE IT FOR THE INTERROGATION CUBE, PUNK!

THE LIMBS GO TO LICENSED ORGAN CHARITIES - THE SCUM GO TO DIVISION.

TAKE 'EM AWAY!

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

PROLOGUE —

IN A MEGA-CITY ONE RESEARCH LAB —

THIS IS **PROTEUS** – AN INTEGRATED SPACE/TIME DISPLACEMENT MODULE... IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, A ***TIME MACHINE!***

SHE CARRIES A **CREW** OF **TWO**, COMPLETE WITH **LAWMASTERS** AND FULL BACK-UP FACILITIES.

PROTEUS

ONLY **TWO** CREW ?

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME

THE POWER UNIT TAKES UP A LOT OF ROOM, I'M AFRAID!

THE MAIN THING IS, DOES IT **WORK**?

AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, YES.

UP TILL NOW THE PROBLEM WITH TIME TRAVEL HAS BEEN **HOMING IN** ON ANY PARTICULAR TARGET IN TIME. WE COULD NEVER BE SURE WHERE WE'D END UP – OR IF WE'D GET BACK.

WITH **PROTEUS'S** NEW **TEMPORAL LOCATORS**, WE THINK WE'VE GOT THAT LICKED!

YOU **THINK**?

WE'VE HAD TOTAL SUCCESS OVER SHORT JOURNEYS – DAYS, WEEKS. NOW WE'RE READY TO TRY IT OVER A LONGER DISPLACEMENT IN TIME – **YEARS**.

THAT'S WHY YOU AND **ANDERSON** ARE HERE TODAY. COME INTO THE BRIEFING ROOM.

UH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS.

DREDD, YOU COMMANDED THE JUDGE CHILD EXPEDITION. ANDERSON, YOU'RE WITH **PSI**-DIVISION. I'M SURE YOU'RE BOTH FAMILIAR WITH **JUDGE FEYY'S** LAST **PREDICTION**.

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FLASHBACK. JUDGE FEYY, THE CITY'S OLDEST PRECOG, LIES DYING...

I HAVE HAD A VISION... A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

I SAW A WAR MORE GHASTLY THAN ANY WE HAVE KNOWN. I SAW OUR CITY DESTROYED, AND FROM THE DESTRUCTION FOUL CREATURES ROSE TO PREY ON THE SURVIVORS...

THIS WILL HAPPEN IN THE YEAR 2120.

BUT THERE IS ONE WHO CAN SAVE US. HE IS FATED TO RULE MEGA-CITY ONE IN ITS GRAVEST HOUR.

HIS NAME IS OWEN KRYSLER - THE JUDGE CHILD.

A MAJOR PART OF FEYY'S PREDICTION HAS ALREADY BEEN PROVED WRONG. THE JUDGE CHILD IS DEAD.

TRUE. BUT FEYY WAS NORMALLY VERY ACCURATE. IT WOULD BE FOOLISH TO IGNORE HIS WARNING - ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THE NUMBER OF OTHER PRECOGS NOW ALSO PREDICTING A GREAT DISASTER IN THE EARLY 20s.

IF THEY'RE RIGHT, THIS CITY WILL FACE A CATASTROPHE.

NOW WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO GO FORWARD IN TIME AND FIND OUT, IT'S OUR DUTY TO DO SO.

A SHORT JUMP INTO THE FUTURE - 13 YEARS - AND WE'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS.

AND NO PRIZES FOR GUESSING THE CHUMPS THAT TAKE THE JUMP, RIGHT?

I ASSUME YOU'RE WILLING TO GO.

DREDD, I KNOW I CAN RELY ON YOU. JUDGE ANDERSON'S TELEPATHIC ABILITY MAY PROVE VALUABLE.

ANY QUESTIONS?

WHEN DO WE LEAVE?

THE TWO JUDGES UNDERGO INTENSIVE ELECTRONIC INSTRUCTION IN THE OPERATION OF **PROTEUS**.

THERE FOLLOWS A STRINGENT **MEDICAL** —

YOU'RE A-OK. DRINK THIS.

YOU TOO, ANDERSON.

EEUUUH!

THE STRESS OF TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT WILL CAUSE **SEVERE SICKNESS.**

BETTER TO GET RID OF IT NOW.

PROTEUS

AND SOON—

I CAN'T EMPHASISE TOO STRONGLY THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION, DREDD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND IN **2120**, BUT I TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT.

TAKE WHATEVER ACTION YOU DEEM NECESSARY.

SEALING MODULE.

TEMPORAL MODULATORS ON.

CHECK.

TACHYON DRIVE ON READY.

CHECK.

POWER BUILDING. STARTING COUNTDOWN.

TEN... NINE... EIGHT...

...SEVEN ...SIX...

SAY, WE'RE NOT GOING TO **AGE** 13 YEARS, ARE WE?

NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK.

GEEZ... I HOPE NOT.

DON'T COUNT YOUR LUCK YET, ANDERSON – WE MIGHT NOT EVEN **GET** THERE.

FIVE... FOUR... THREE...

...TWO...ONE... **ENGAGE!**

ENGAGING.

AAAAHH!

WE HAVE **DISPLACEMENT!**

THE POWERFUL ENGINES SPIN **PROTEUS** FORWARD THROUGH TIME – **13 YEARS** INTO THE **FUTURE**...

2116

PROTEUS

...INTO THE **UNKNOWN!**

IT'S EASING OFF, THANK DOK!

DRIVE'S CUT OUT.

ACCORDING TO PROTEUS, WE'RE **HERE.**

APRIL 30 2120

WHAT DO YOU THINK'S WAITING OUTSIDE, DREDD?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. READY?

AS I'LL EVER BE.

MEGA-CITY ONE, 13 YEARS ON.

I'VE GOT A **BAD** FEELING ABOUT THIS...

SWEET MERCY!

NEXT PROG

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

HILL STREET

HEY, SUCKER! WANNA DONATE SOME BLOOD?

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH

THEN TAKE A WALK DOWN HELL STREET. THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE LOOKIN' TO PUT THE BITE ON YOU!

THE HELL STREET BLUES

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120...

PROTEUS

DROKK!

JUDGES DREDD AND ANDERSON HAVE EMERGED FROM THE TIME CAPSULE "PROTEUS"... 13 YEARS INTO THEIR FUTURE —

IF THIS IS THE FUTURE, THEY CAN KEEP IT! CAN WE GO HOME NOW?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES, ANDERSON.

WHO SAYS I'M JOKING?

THAT'S RENE ENRIQUEZ — WON A PRIZE FOR BEST TURNED OUT BLOCK A YEAR AGO.

YOU MEAN 14 YEARS AGO.

IF YOU WANT TO BE TECHNICAL.

RENE ENRIQUEZ

SURE WOULDN'T WIN ANY PRIZES NOW.

STRANGE...THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WAR DAMAGE.

MORE LIKE... DECAY.

THE PSI-DIVISION TELEPATH'S SENSES PICK UP IMAGES FROM THE MOULDERING STONE...

RIGHT! THIS MESS — IT WASN'T CAUSED BY BOMBS. THERE'S A... PRESENCE HERE!

A MALEVOLENT, **EVIL** INTELLIGENCE - PERVADING EVERYTHING - TWISTING THINGS...

JUDGE **DEATH**?

NEGATIVE! THE POWER OF **THIS** THING MAKES **DEATH** AND HIS GOONS LOOK LIKE **RAW ROOKIES!**

CAN YOU **FOCUS** ON IT, ANDERSON?

CAN'T... GET THROUGH! NOTHING CLEAR - JUST THIS IMAGE... A **CRAZY IMAGE** -

- LIKE A SPIDER - A **HUMAN** SPIDER. SPINNING ITS WEB... SPILLING ITS VENOM ON THE CITY...!

'FRAID THAT'S THE BEST I CAN -

QUIET! LISTEN!

FIRST SIGN OF LIFE.

YOU! CITIZEN! **HALT!**

THE **B-B-BLUES!**

Y-YOU AIN'T DRINKIN' **MY** BLOOD, YOU GHOULS!

HE'S RUNNING! THE BIKES -

VRMMMM

NO! THEY'RE GONNA CATCH ME! SUCK ME DRY!
DANGER ACID POOL
C-CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN!
I'M GONNA DIE CLEAN, YOU HELL STREET BLUES!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
CRAZY... HE DIED CLEAN ALL RIGHT!
CRAZY IS RIGHT - HE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DRINK HIS BLOOD! AND WHAT DID HE CALL US... HELL STREET BLUES?
HELL STREET... HILL STREET...
THERE'S A SECTOR HOUSE UP ON HILL STREET - 'LEAST THERE WAS...

LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

IF NOTHING ELSE, THEIR RECORDS MIGHT TELL US WHAT **HAPPENED** HERE.

WHEN YOU LIVED ON HELL STREET, YOU KNEW YOU WERE TAKING A CHANCE.

MOSTLY, THE BLUE-SKINNED DEVILS LEFT YOU ALONE TO SCRATCH OUT YOUR PITIFUL EXISTENCE... EATING THE **MOSS** FROM THE WALLS...

LIMEYS

MEALS

BAR

HOT DOG

HELL STREET

...AND **BUGS**, WHEN YOU COULD FIND THEM...

...THEY LEFT YOU TO GROW MORE LIKE AN ANIMAL WITH EVERY PASSING DAY...

STILL, AT LEAST YOU WERE ALIVE – IF YOU COULD **CALL** IT LIVING. AND THE **BLUE-SKINNED DEVILS** LEFT YOU ALONE...

...**EXCEPT**, SOMETIMES THERE WAS A SHORTAGE. SOMETIMES THE **HELL STREET BLUES** CAME LOOKING FOR **YOU!**

M-ME?

B-B-B-BUT WHY ?

SHORTAGE OF PERPS. WE NEED NEW BLOOD.

NEW BLOOD !

P-PLEASE, NOT ME ! TAKE MY **WIFE** – MY **KIDS** –

WE ALREADY HAVE !

AND YOU KNEW ONCE THEY GOT YOU INSIDE THAT ***SECTOR HOUSE***, YOU'D NEVER COME OUT **ALIVE** –

L-LOOK, YOU DON'T WANT **ME** ! I-I'M TOO SKINNY... JUST A B-BAG OF B-BONES !

Y-YOU WANT SOMEONE **FAT**... AND **JUICY** ! I KNOW WHERE TO FIND ONE LIKE THAT...

JUST... JUST LET ME GO ! **PLEASE**, LET ME **G-G-G–**

SHUT UP !

AAAA

AAAAAAAAGH !

DROKK ! **VAMPIRES !**

NEXT PROG ○ ○ **THE KISS OF DEATH !**

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** HAVE BEEN SENT FORWARD IN TIME TO INVESTIGATE PREDICTIONS OF DISASTER FOR THE CITY. NOW, IN THE MOULDERING RUINS OF **HILL STREET** –

VAMPIRES! SO **THEY'RE** THE **HELL STREET BLUES!**

HAVE THE **JUDGES** SUNK SO LOW?

WE DON'T KNOW THEY **ARE** JUDGES. ANY MONKEY CAN WEAR A UNIFORM.

NNUUHHH!

SPEAKIN' OF MONKEYS –!

DROP IT, BUSTER!

DREDD!

WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR – **CHRISTMAS?**

RAAAK!

OFF!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

WESKER – DON'T RECOGNISE THE NAME.

SEE IF YOU CAN GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM, ANDERSON.

NO ANSWERS HERE! CREEP'S GOT NOTHIN' ON HIS MIND BUT **BLOOD** –

–MAINLY **OURS!**

IF HE EVER WAS A JUDGE, HE'S NOT NOW.

CRAK!

DREDD

WHERE TO?

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE. THE ***SECTOR HOUSE*** MIGHT STILL HOLD THE RECORDS WE NEED.

*ONCE JUDGES PATROLLED THESE STREETS... NOW THE **HELL STREET BLUES** WERE THE LAW...*

P-PLEASE, LEMME GO!

HUNTER

PRISONER'S NAME?
NO IDEA.
BLOOD GROUP?
"O"!
KRIIEEEE
HOLDING PENS.
TWO DEAD HERE. LAST FEED MUST'VE TAKEN TOO MUCH OUT OF THEM.
HAVE THEM REMOVED.
NICE PLUMP ONE HERE. LOCAL RESIDENT – CAME IN TODAY.
MINE!
OH LORD!
L-L-LOOK, I SHOULD'VE MENTIONED... I-I'M ANAEMIC!
SILENCE!
BCBO
RIPP!

THIS ONE HAS BEEN **TASTED!**

ARRESTING OFFICER GOT CARRIED AWAY. STILL PLENTY THERE –

NO! LOOK... YOU DON'T WANNA EAT **LEFTOVERS** –

AAAAAAAAH!

IT'S SICKENING! CAN'T WE **DO** SOMETHING FOR THEM?

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST – GO DOWN THERE AND DONATE A PINT?

NO... TO HELP THEM WOULD JEOPARDISE THE MISSION – AND THAT COMES FIRST.

LET'S GO.

SECTOR HOUSE CONTROL

COMPUTERS DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN USED FOR A WHILE.

HMMM... NO POWER.

I'LL START UP THE AUXILIARY GENERATOR.

WE HAVE **LIFT-OFF!**

COMPUTER... WHAT WAS THE **DATE** OF YOUR LAST DATA INTAKE?

LAST DATA ACCEPTED AT 1321.04 HOURS, 5 JANUARY, 2120.

JUST **FOUR MONTHS** AGO... IS **THAT** WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED?

SOON FIND OUT.

'FRAID **YOU WON'T, JOE...**

HELL! COVER 'EM, ANDERSON!

OH, COME ON, JOE DREDD — YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME.

NOT **ME**... NOT YOUR OLD PAL...

HERSHEY!

HERSHEY

NEXT. PROG.

KISS OF EVIL!

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** HAVE BEEN SENT FORWARD IN TIME TO INVESTIGATE PREDICTIONS OF DISASTER FOR THE CITY. NOW, IN THE MOULDERING RUINS OF **HILL STREET SECTOR HOUSE** —

OKAY, **HERSHEY** — IF YOU **ARE** HERSHEY — MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S BEEN GOING **ON** HERE!

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CITY, JOE. IT'S TOO... UNPLEASANT.

NO, WHEN OLD FRIENDS MEET THERE ARE FAR MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT.

HERSHEY

SHE DRAWS CLOSE, HER VOICE SEDDUCTIVE... ALMOST HYPNOTIC...

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK. WE NEED NEW BLOOD — JOIN US, JOE...

DREDD

LET ME... WELCOME YOU

UNNNNN!

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T. FRAME

HIT 'EM, ANDERSON!

BLAM!

AAHH!

DO NOT RESIST! YOU MUST BECOME ONE OF US!

YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'... I'M **VEGETARIAN** -

- 'CEPT MAYBE IN YOUR CASE!

CLAWS OFF, BUSTER!

UUHHH!

THWAK!

NEVER WERE THE ROMANTIC TYPE, WERE YOU, JOE ?

NO.

BLAM!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, ANDERSON! OURS IS THE EASY WAY! THERE ARE FAR **WORSE** THINGS THAT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU IN THIS CITY!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.

BAM!

IF THEY EVER **WERE** JUDGES, WE'VE DONE 'EM A FAVOUR.

COMPUTER - GIVE ME AN **EVENT TAPE,** SEVEN DAYS PRECEDING YOUR LAST DATA INTAKE.

IN SECONDS -

OKAY, GOT IT! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE WE CAN VIEW THIS IN PEACE!

BADAM!

MORE COMPANY!

INCENDIARIES!

THIS SECTOR HOUSE HAS BEEN DEFILED! **BURN IT DOWN!**

WITH PLEASURE!

BLAM! BLAM!

THE **HOLDING PENS!** WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH THEIR VICTIMS?

512

CAN'T LEAVE 'EM TO ROAST —

OUT! EVERYBODY OUT!

HIGH EXPLOSIVE!

KADOOM!

THERE'S YOUR EXIT!

COME ON! MOVE!

ON YOUR HOOFERS! GET OUTTA HERE!

DREDD AND ANDERSON! THEY MUST BE STOPPED!

BADAM!

APART FROM HAVIN' TERRIBLE COMPLEXIONS, YOUR **AIM'S** RUSTY, CREEPS!

LET'S GET TO THE BIKES, ANDERSON!

BLAM!

RIDE!

YOU SAID IT!

BURNING NICELY!

THEY SPEED AWAY FROM THE GHASTLY PARODY OF A SECTOR HOUSE —

AT A SAFE DISTANCE, THEY STOP TO PLAY THE TAPE THAT MAY HOLD THE ANSWER TO THE EVIL THAT HAS OVERTAKEN MEGA-CITY ONE —

ROLL IT, JOE!

NEXT PROG: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE NIGHTMARE!

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** HAVE GONE FORWARD IN TIME TO INVESTIGATE PREDICTIONS OF DISASTER FOR THE CITY – AND DISCOVERED A **NIGHTMARE**.

NOW THEY PLAY A TAPE OF THE CITY'S LAST HOURS –

1011 HOURS: **ITEM!** 3-MILLION-PLUS FANS IN ATTENDANCE FOR THE 3RD ANNUAL BLOCKLEAP CHAMPIONSHIPS. BUZBY BERKELY AREA CLOSED TO ALL TRAFFIC.

ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF TAPE TO RUN AND NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY... NO ANSWER TO WHAT **HAPPENED** TO THE CITY.

AND THEN –

1016 HOURS: **ITEM!** DENSE FOG FORMING, ALL AREAS. WEATHER CONTROL REPORTS NO METEOROLOGICAL EXPLANATION.

PSI-DIVISION REPORT MASSIVE BUILD-UP OF **PSYCHIC ENERGY** OVER CITY. AWAITING FURTHER DATA.

I AM THE MUTANT! I AM THE DOOM THAT WAS FORETOLD! I AM THE NIGHTMARE THAT IS TO BE!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

YOUR DESTRUCTION IS MY DESTINY!

AAAH!

CITY OF THE DAMNED, LET CHAOS REIGN!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

AIEEEE!

1019 HOURS: ITEM! MAJOR DISASTERS REPORTED, ALL SECTORS! EVENTS ILLOGICAL – AT VARIANCE WITH NATURAL LAWS!

CH

THE WHOLE CITY IS GOING CRAZY!

AGHHH!

1022 HOURS: ITEM! JUDGE ANDERSON, HEAD OF PSI-DIVISION –

WHADDYA KNOW – I GOT PROMOTION!

ORDERS MASSED MENTAL RESISTANCE TO THE UNKNOWN PSIONIC FORCE.

Psi

FIGHT IT! FIGHT!

CAN'T...

IT'S...

...TOO STRONG!

CONGRATULATIONS.

GRUD!

1025 HOURS: **ITEM!** OCCURRENCE AT GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE —

CHIEF JUDGE — IT'S MATERIALISING!

BLOW IT AWAY!

MINE IS THE POWER TO WARP **CITIES!** DO YOU THINK **YOU** CAN HURT ME?

WE'RE WASTING OUR BULLETS!

BLAM!

BLAM!

WHAT DO YOU **WANT** HERE?

TO FULFIL MY DESTINY! TO MAKE ALL YOU SUFFER AS **I** HAVE SUFFERED!

I WILL LAY WASTE TO THIS CURSED CITY – RENDER IT PREY TO THE VILEST OF EVILS! AND YOU VALIANT JUDGES – YOU WHO HAVE ALWAYS FED OFF THE BLOOD OF YOUR PEOPLE –

–SO SHALL YOU CONTINUE!

1028 HOURS: ITEM! ITEM! ITEM! ITEM!

NO FURTHER ITEM!

THAT'S ALL THERE IS.

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH ANYWAY.

THAT CREATURE... **THE MUTANT... THAT'S** THE POWER I FELT HERE. I CAN STILL FEEL IT, ALL AROUND US.

MAKING THE CITY SUFFER THE WAY **IT** SUFFERED... WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT **REVENGE** GUFF WAS ABOUT?

SEARCH ME. DIDN'T RECOGNISE THE CREEP. SURE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE GOOD A THREAT, THOUGH.

YEAH.

NOT EXACTLY YOUR **STANDARD** EMBITTERED PERP.

WHAT DO WE DO? RETURN TO **PROTEUS** – REPORT BACK TO OUR OWN TIME?

WHAT FOR – TO TELL THEM THEY'RE ALL **GONERS**?

NO, WE DON'T LEAVE HERE TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT THIS **MUTANT** IS – AND HOW TO DEFEAT IT.

LET'S RIDE!

VRMMM!

*MEANWHILE, IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, A MALEVOLENT **PRESENCE** LISTENS...*

...AND WAITS!

NEXT PROG: ***A LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO HELL!***

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** HAVE JOURNEYED INTO THE CITY'S FUTURE TO INVESTIGATE PREDICTIONS OF DISASTER – AND FOUND A **NIGHTMARE.**

NOW THEIR DESPERATE MISSION CARRIES THEM ONWARD, TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE EVIL... THE THING THAT CALLS ITSELF **THE MUTANT!**

YOU REALISE IF THIS **MUTANT** CREEP HAS WIPED OUT **MEGA-CITY** WITH **MENTAL POWER**, WE DON'T STAND A **CHANCE** AGAINST IT.

SO YOU KEEP TELLING ME, ANDERSON.

MAYBE WE SHOULD CUT OUR LOSSES AND HEAD BACK TO THE TIME MACHINE. AT LEAST, THAT WAY, WE'LL HAVE **13 YEARS** TO THINK OF SOMETHING.

LOOK OUT!

K-K-KRAK!

RRR EEEE EEEEEEEEE

SEE WHAT I MEAN!

CITY OF THE DAMNED

SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART S.DILLON
LETTERING T.FRAME

HREEEE

DROKK!

HANG ON, ANDERSON!

GET ON!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!

ANDERSON'S BIKE CAREERS AHEAD, ON AUTOMATIC -

BIKE CANNON, RAPID FIRE!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA

I'M GONE!

GEDDOWN, UGLY!

VROOOOM!

RECKON WE'RE CLEAR OF THEM.

HELP ME GET THIS THING OFF, WILL YA?

THAT'S JUST A **TASTE** OF WHAT THE MUTANT'S GOT TO OFFER. WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW, DREDD - BACK TO **PROTEUS?**

NO. IF WE TURN BACK NOW, WE'VE LOST. THIS... **MESS** WILL BE THE RESULT.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT'S ALREADY **HAPPENED!** THIS **IS** THE FUTURE.

NOTHING WE DO IS GOING TO BRING BACK THE CITY NOW!

MAYBE NOT... BUT AT LEAST WE CAN MAKE THE MUTANT **PAY** FOR WHAT IT'S DONE!

BUT I'M TELLING YOU WE **CAN'T** DEFEAT IT - WE **CAN'T** MAKE IT PAY!

THEN WE CAN DIE TRYING!

LET'S RIDE!

ONWARD THROUGH THE NIGHTMARE – GROWING MORE GHASTLY WITH EVERY PASSING MILE. . .

WITH PITFALLS TO TRAP THE UNWARY –

ACID POOL! TURBO BOOST!

WHERE THE WRETCHED SURVIVORS COWER IN THEIR DECAYING RUINS –

WHERE VILE CREATURES PROWL THE STREETS!

AAAH!

THEY DO NOT STOP TO GIVE ASSISTANCE. FOR THEY MUST NOT BE SIDETRACKED FROM THEIR GRIM – HOPELESS – MISSION...

UNTIL, AHEAD OF THEM... THE DARK –

– A BLANKET OF SHIFTING SHADOW, CLOAKING THE CITY AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE...

WHERE THE MUTANT'S **PSI-FORCE** IS STRONGEST.

SPIDERMAN'S GOTTA KNOW WE'RE COMING, DREDD. WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY HE LET US GET THIS FAR.

HOLD IT!

STEP OUT IN THE OPEN WITH YOUR HANDS HELD HIGH!

D-DON'T SHOOT, J-J-JUDGE!

SEE, I TOLD YOU THEY WAS **REAL** JUDGES!

DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE FRIENDLY!

WE'RE **CITIZENS**, JUDGE.

CITIZENS! ARE THESE DEBASED WRETCHES ALL THAT'S LEFT?

THEY LOOK STARVED!

HERE, SOME K-RATIONS TO SHARE AMONG YOU.

GEE! TH-THANKS, LADY JUDGE!

GOOD! GOOD!

WE AIN'T SEEN **REAL** FOOD IN... I **DUNNO** HOW LONG!

MOSTLY WE EAT SLIME AN' SCUM AN' BUGS AN' STUFF!

THE JUDGES LISTEN AS THE PATHETIC SURVIVORS TALK —

THE **MUTANT'S** WIPIN' US OUT – SLOW AN' PAINFUL. SOON THERE WON'T BE NO ONE LEFT!

SKELETONS ATTACKED ME ON HEB STREET. I COULDN'T GET BACK TO MY BLOCK, SEE, 'COS IT WAS SINKIN' IN QUICKSAND!

IT WAS MY MA WHO GOT ATE FIRST –

IT'S THE **BLUE JUDGES** I'M SCAREDEST OF! THAT'S WHO WE THOUGHT **YOU** WAS, JUDGE!

YOU JUDGES GOTTA HELP US! YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MUTANT!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST. WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE AREA AHEAD?

THE DARK? NOTHIN', JUDGE!

WE DON'T GO NEARS IT, NO SIR!

NOBODY THAT'S GONE INTO **THE DARK** HAS EVER COME **OUT** OF IT!

'COURSE, THAT DON'T MEAN **YOU** WON'T, JUDGE!

WE'LL GET NOTHING MORE OUT OF THEM.

THEY DON'T KNOW MUCH.

PROBABLY A LOT MORE THAN THEY **WANT** TO KNOW.

GO GET HIM, JUDGE!

KICK THAT MUTANT'S BUTT TO TEXAS CITY!

YOU CAN DO IT!

NOBODY THAT'S GONE INTO **THE DARK** HAS EVER COME OUT. COMFORTING THOUGHT!

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME, ANDERSON.

NEXT PROG: **FEAR OF THE DARK!**

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, THE FUTURE – WHERE JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** CONTINUE THEIR HOPELESS BATTLE AGAINST **THE MUTANT**, THE EVIL ENTITY WHO HAS TURNED THEIR CITY INTO A **NIGHTMARE**...

SCRIPT T P GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

NOW THE DARK HANGS BEFORE THEM, CLOAKING THE CITY IN SINISTER SHADOWS. HERE, **THE MUTANT'S** TWISTED POWER IS STRONGEST

THEY ENTER, AND **THE DARK** CLOSES ROUND THEM LIKE A SHROUD.

DREDD: HIS LANTERN JAW SET. IF HE FEELS THE **CHILL** OF **FEAR** IN THE FOETID AIR, HE DOES NOT SHOW IT.

ANDERSON: HER EVERY NERVE JANGLING. SHE IS A TELEPATH. **SHE** FEELS THE FEAR.

FRANKLY, SHE'D RATHER BE ELSEWHERE.

ON THE HORIZON, A GLOW – THE CITY AFLAME...

THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING OUT THERE.

THERE! CAN YOU SEE?

ARM UP, ANDERSON!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS!

CITY OF THE DAMNED

PUT IT AWAY, DREDD. THEY CAN'T HARM US.

THEY'RE JUST **WRAITHS...**

...THE **SOULS** OF THE **DAMNED**, CONDEMNED TO ROAM THIS HELL UNTIL THE MUTANT TIRES OF THEM!

C'MON — LET'S RIDE!

DREDD

YOU'RE CRYING...

SO WHAT? IT'S NOT A CRIME, IS IT?

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU, DREDD. YOU'VE SPENT YOUR LIFE SHUTTING YOURSELF OFF FROM HUMAN EMOTIONS. YOU CAN'T FEEL WHAT THESE...PEOPLE ARE SUFFERING.

I'M A **TELEPATH.** I **CAN'T** SHUT IT OUT.

RAOOOORROOOA

RRRRR

ARRRRRR

SOMETHING UP AHEAD!

NO **WRAITHS** THIS TIME!

ANDERSON'S MIND REACHES OUT, SEARCHING –

THEY'RE CLOSE...GETTING CLOSER. EIGHT – MAYBE TEN OF THEM...

DREDD! ABOVE YOU!

RRRRRRRRR

RRAAOOOO

SKRANG!

THIS IS GETTING BEYOND A JOKE!

GGRR KA AI EEE

BLAM!

DREDD!

MY BIKE - WHERE?

FRONT'S SMASHED IN! GET ON!

BADOW!

SOME OF ITS PALS! BIKE CANNON!

SPATTA!

BADOW!

IT'S NOT GOING DOWN!

SLASH!

NO EXIT!

BLAM!

SKREEE!

ANOTHER ONE!

THEY'VE GOT US BOXED IN!

NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK, ARE YOU!

I AIN'T FINISHED YET!

IF WE CAN'T GO ROUND "EM, WE'LL HAVE TO GO **THROUGH** 'EM!

HANG TIGHT!

SPATTAA!

NEXT PROG: **DO THE MONSTER MASH!**

JUDGE DREDD
MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120, WHERE JUDGES DREDD AND ANDERSON CONTINUE THEIR HOPELESS BATTLE AGAINST THE MUTANT, THE EVIL ENTITY WHO HAS TURNED THEIR CITY INTO A NIGHTMARE.
NOW THEY HAVE ENTERED THE DARK, THE SHADOWLAND WHERE THE MUTANT'S POWER IS STRONGEST. AND THERE –
BADAM!
BADAM!
THESE UGLIES HAVE GOT US BOXED IN...
IF WE CAN'T GO ROUND...
WE'RE GOING THROUGH!
MORE OF 'EM!
CRAAK!
MY EYES!
CITY OF THE DAMNED
GROVER
IAN GIBSON
FRAME

HANG TIGHT, JOE –

TURBO BOOST'LL GET US OUT OF HERE!

STREET'S BUCKLING!

DROKK!

THE GROUND SEEMS TO MELT BENEATH THEM...

SO MUCH FOR THE CONFIDENT APPROACH!

BECOMING A SWIRLING MAELSTROM THAT WRENCHES THEM APART, CARRYING THE PSI-JUDGE AWAY!

ANDERSON! WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M HERE...

BUT I CAN'T GET BACK!

KEEP FIGHTING, DREDD!

AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN, THE EARTH CEASES TO SEETHE –

–AND DREDD IS LEFT ALONE –

MY EYES! THEY'RE...GONE!

A BLIND MAN IN **THE DARK...**

ABOUT AS MUCH USE AS A PAPER HAT IN AN ACID STORM!

THERE'S SOMETHIN' NEAR ME...

ANDERSON? THAT YOU?

ANDERSON IS GONE, JOE DREDD. THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW.

ME AN' **WHO**, CREEP?

THEY CALL ME THE MUTANT.

THE MUTANT!

WHO ELSE, JOE?

CAN'T SEE THE CREEP! GOT TO KEEP HIM TALKIN' – GET A LOCATION...

SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS. JUST TELL ME ONE THING – **WHY**?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, JOE. LATER.

FIRST, YOU HAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF **PAIN** TO GO THROUGH.

I MADE A MISTAKE WITH YOU LAST TIME. **THIS** TIME, I WANT TO SEE YOU **SUFFER**. I WANT TO WATCH YOU CRAWL ON YOUR KNEES AND BEG FOR **MERCY!**

JOE DREDD – IRON MAN! **I'M GOING TO SEE YOU SQUIRM!**

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

OH, JOE! DON'T BE SO **PREDICTABLE**! YOU DON'T THINK I'M HERE, DO YOU?

THEN **WHERE**?

TURN YOUR FACE TO THE HEAT OF THE **FIRE**, JOE.

WHERE **HELL** BURNS — THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME.

THEN THE EVIL SPECTRE... IS GONE!

THE FLAMES WE SAW EARLIER — THAT'S WHERE HE MEANS.

HE KNOWS I MUST GO THERE. I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!

FOR MY CITY IS DESTROYED — AND WITHOUT IT, I HAVE NO REASON FOR LIVING!

BUT WHILE THERE'S ONE CHANCE OF **REVENGE** — NO MATTER HOW SLIGHT — I MUST SEEK IT!

NEXT PROG: **EYELESS IN HELL!**

JUDGE DREDD

To be EYELESS IN HELL...

To keep going, even though the terrors you face are more terrible because you cannot see them.

Yet you fight on, heading ever for the heat of the inferno.

And when you can no longer walk, you CRAWL -

Toward THE MUTANT - and revenge for the evil he has wrought upon your beloved city...

...Revenge that even in your pain-wracked mind you know to be hopeless.

To claw your way inch by inch towards your goal...

CITY OF THE DAMNED

FOR YOU ARE A JUDGE.

AND IT IS YOUR DUTY.

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T FRAME

AND WHEN THE PAIN GROWS SO GREAT THAT EVEN **JUDGE DREDD** CAN ENDURE NO MORE -

-THEN THE FLAMES BENEATH HIM **DIE**...

...AND **COLD SLAB** LIES BENEATH HIS BURNING FLESH.

BRAVO, JUDGE DREDD! YOU'RE A MAN WITH **TRUE GRIT!**

BUT THEN WE ALWAYS KNEW THAT.

FORGET THE GUN, JOE!

PSI-SHIELD! CAN'T GET MY HAND NEAR IT!

Ooo

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT KIND OF **TWISTED MIND** COULD **DO** WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

LET ME GIVE YOU A CLUE, ONCE I WAS CALLED... OWEN KRYSLER.

THE JUDGE CHILD!

SEE PROGS 156-181.

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D DESTROYED ME FOREVER ON **XANADU**. BUT YOU WERE WRONG...

"MY ROBOTIC MENTOR, THE **GRUNWALDER**, HAD THE FORESIGHT TO RETAIN CERTAIN SAMPLES OF MY TISSUE...

"TISSUE WITH WHICH HE WAS ABLE TO CREATE A **CLONE**.

"BUT AS THE CLONE GREW, THE GRUNWALDER BEGAN TO SEE IT WAS NOT THE OWEN KRYSLER HE HAD KNOWN..."

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE CULTURE, GRUNWALDER! WE'VE CREATED A **MONSTER!**

THE MUTANT MUST BE DESTROYED!

FZAAAKA!

CRASH!!

POP!

"YES, THEY'D CREATED A MONSTER. A MONSTER WITH A POWER THAT MADE MY FORMER SELF LOOK LIKE A NEANDERTHAL!"

ER, HELLO, OWEN.

I WANT YOU TO **SEE** ME, JOE – SEE WHAT A **FREAK** YOU'VE MADE OF ME!

YOU DON'T NEED YOUR EYES! OPEN YOUR MIND!

CAN YOU SEE ME, JOE? AM I NOT **HIDEOUS**?

YOU SURE AIN'T NO PIN-UP!

SO THE LITTLE MONSTER GREW INTO A BIG MONSTER AND CAME BACK TO MEGA-CITY TO HAVE HIS REVENGE.

FEVY'S PREDICTION WAS WRONG IN JUST ONE RESPECT.

YOU WEREN'T THE CITY'S SALVATION – YOU WERE THE VERY **DOOM** HE **PREDICTED!**

'FRAID SO. POOR OLD FEVY! 88·8% ACCURATE JUST WASN'T ENOUGH!

DROKK! BUT IF THIS IS ALL TRUE, THEN THIS CREEP CAN BE **BEATEN!**

NEXT PROG: **DREDD END!**

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGE DREDD HAS GONE INTO THE FUTURE TO FACE **THE MUTANT**, THE WARPED CLONE OF THE **JUDGE CHILD** WHO HAS BROUGHT DOOM TO THE CITY.

AND NOW, **BLINDED**, DREDD FACES **HIS** DOOM —

I'M POWERLESS AGAINST YOU, MUTANT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? KILL ME!

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

WHAT? AND MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AS LAST TIME? **OH, NO, JOE!**

TAKE IT FROM ME. WE'RE NOT MUCH FUN WHEN WE'RE DEAD!

THAT VOICE — IT'S MY OWN!

MY OTHER SELF FROM THIS TWISTED FUTURE!

WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO HIM, MUTANT ? MADE HIM INTO ONE OF YOUR **VAMPIRES** ?

NOTHING SO **DRAMATIC**. HE'S JUST... **DEAD**.

I KILLED HIM IN ANGER. WITHOUT THINKING

NOW HE'S AN ANIMATED CORPSE - A **ZOMBIE** WHO FEELS NO PAIN.

BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE !

THIS TIME WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN. A **HUNT**. **ONE DREDD AGAINST ANOTHER !**

STILL HAVEN'T GROWN UP, HAVE YOU ?

AND WHAT DO I USE FOR **EYES** ?

OH, I'LL GIVE YOU EYES, JOE -

YOU CAN HAVE A HEAD START, TOO !

OFF YOU GO !

REALITY SEEMS TO MELT AWAY AND DREDD IS SPINNING -

DROKK!

DREDD?

ANDERSON'S EYES DON'T BELIEVE IT. BUT ALL HER PSI-SENSES TELL HER IT IS TRUE . . .

HOLY MOLEY! YOU'RE A WALKING **DISASTER ZONE!**

ANDERSON...?

IT **IS** YOU! I... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

RECKON I DESERVE TO BE... FOR DESERTING YOU.

"WHEN WE WERE SEPARATED, I WAS SWEPT TO THE EDGE OF **THE DARK**...

I CAN'T GET BACK!

"I WANTED TO RETURN FOR YOU. BUT I COULDN'T - I JUST COULDN'T! I WAS. . AFRAID."

SO I **RAN**. I...I DECIDED I'D TRY TO REACH **PROTEUS**, GET BACK TO OUR OWN TIME AND **WARN** THE CHIEF JUDGE.

SUDDENLY –

HE'S HERE NOW. SOMEWHERE CLOSE! I CAN **SENSE** HIM!

I KNOW I LET YOU DOWN. I FEEL LIKE A RAT. I'M SORRY, DREDD.

DREDD KNOWS THAT AS A PSI-JUDGE, THE MUTANT'S POWERS AFFECT ANDERSON MORE DEEPLY. HE DOES NOT REPROACH HER. INSTEAD, HE MERELY RELATES THE FACTS OF HIS GRIM ENCOUNTER WITH THE MUTANT...

YOU MEAN HE'S SENT **YOU** AFTER US? AND **I'M** SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR EYES?

'FRAID SO.

DREDD

WHAT DO WE **DO**?

I CAN TELL YOU WHAT WE **DON'T** DO! WE **DON'T** STOP TO **TALK** ABOUT IT!

RIDE!

VRRMMM!

BLAM!

GRUD – HE'S IN FRONT OF US!

I'M LEGGED!

RETURN FIRE – USE THE BIKE CANNON!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

HE'S DOWN! I GOT HIM!

DROKK! CANCEL THAT –

YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO PUT AWAY, JOE – EVEN WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!

SO MUCH FOR VALOUR – I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BAADOOOOOOOOOM!

NEXT PROG:
ESCAPE FROM MEGA-CITY!

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGE DREDD HAS GONE INTO THE FUTURE TO FACE **THE MUTANT**, THE WARPED CLONE WHO HAS BROUGHT DOOM TO THE CITY.

NOW, **BLINDED**, DREDD IS HUNTED DOWN BY HIS **FUTURE SELF – THE MUTANT'S ZOMBIE . . .**

BAAAADOOOOOOOMMM!

ANDERSON! YOU OKAY? ANSWER!

ANSWER!

CITY OF THE DAMNED

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING T. FRAME

WITH DREDD, PSI-JUDGE **ANDERSON** –

DON'T GET YOUR CHIN IN A TWIST. I'M ALL RIGHT!

I CAN'T SEE – WHERE IS HE?

STILL COMIN'. ABOUT FIVE DEGREES TO YOUR LEFT. RANGE 100 METRES.

OKAY! **HIGH EXPLOSIVE!**

COME **UP** A METRE, J.D.!

YOU'RE HITTING HIM!

HE'S **GONE!**

WHAT DO YOU SEE, ANDERSON? ANY MOVEMENT?

NOT SO FAR...

STILL LYING THERE. LOOKS LIKE HE'S **STAYING** DOWN THIS TIME!

RATS!

WHAT IS IT?

WE GOT AN ONGOING ZOMBIE SITUATION!

I KNEW YOU WERE HARD TO KILL, DREDD, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT. WHERE ARE WE? DO YOU RECOGNISE ANYTHING?

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE THE REMAINS OF THE FERRARO COMPLEX.

THAT'S SECTOR 20. THERE WAS A **SECTOR HOUSE** UP ON CARPENTER, WASN'T THERE?

RIGHT.

IF THINGS RUN TO FORM IT'LL STILL BE INTACT. MIGHT FIND SOME BETTER WEAPONS THERE.

YOU'RE CRAZY! IF THINGS RUN TO **FORM** IT'LL BE CRAWLING WITH THOSE **VAMPIRE JUDGES!**

AT LEAST THE **BLUES** HAVE THE DECENCY TO **STAY** DEAD WHEN YOU KILL THEM.

DON'T ARGUE! LET'S MOVE!

SPANNG!

WILL YOU CUT IT OUT!

BADAA-

-AMM!

THAT BETTER KEEP HIM DOWN FOR A WHILE. IT WAS MY **LAST** HI-EX.

YOU'RE A TRIER, JOE DREDD, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. A DEFINITE TRIER!

BUT NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM **CERTAIN DOOM!**

SPANNG!

HE'S BACK AGAIN!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FASTER, ANDERSON!

MY LEG'S SLOWIN' ME DOWN. MAYBE YOU BETTER **LEAVE** ME.

DON'T BE STUPID.

HOW WOULD I **SEE**?

I'LL HAVE TO CARRY YOU.

YOU MEAN IF YOU **WEREN'T** BLIND, YOU **WOULD** LEAVE ME? OH, THAT'S SWEET!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, DREDD! YOU'RE SUCH AN ALL-ROUND **NICE GUY**!

STOP YAKKING AND WATCH WHERE WE'RE GOING!

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

WHERE'S **HE**?

SPANNG!

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WALK FROM HERE, ANDERSON. WE'LL NEED BOTH OUR GUNS.

WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT SECTOR HOUSE, AND QUICK! IF WE MEET ANY **BLUES**, WE GO STRAIGHT THROUGH THEM!

WE'RE COMING UP CARPENTER. THERE'S THE SECTOR HOUSE — STILL INTACT, BY THE LOOK OF IT!

UH-OH! **BLUES!**

THEY SEE US!

TWENTY METRES! THEY'RE WAITING TO SEE WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO.

THEN SHOW 'EM. FIRE AT WILL!

BLAM! BLAM!

DREDD! TARGETS AT THREE O'CLOCK!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

HOW'RE WE DOING, ANDERSON?

TERRIF! SIX DOWN —

—ONLY A HUNDRED OR SO TO GO!

NEXT PROG:
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120, WHERE **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** ARE BEING HUNTED BY DREDD'S **FUTURE** SELF – AN INDESTRUCTIBLE ZOMBIE CONTROLLED BY **THE MUTANT**.

NOW THEIR WAY IS BLOCKED BY THE MUTANT'S **VAMPIRE JUDGES** –

NO WAY THEY'RE GOING TO LET US INTO THAT SECTOR HOUSE WITHOUT A FIGHT, DREDD. AND I DON'T RATE OUR CHANCES, WHAT WITH ME WOUNDED AND YOU –

BLIND?

I'LL BACK YOUR JUDGEMENT, ANDERSON.

WE'LL **TALK** OUR WAY IN...

YOU CREEPS USE TO BE JUDGES! YOU KNOW ME! **BLIND** OR NOT YOU KNOW HOW MANY OF YOU WILL DIE BEFORE YOU GET A **SNIFF** OF MY BLOOD!

THIS FIGHT'S BETWEEN **ME** AND **THE MUTANT**! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL STAND ASIDE AND LET US GET ON WITH IT!

DREDD

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

Y'HEAR ME – **MOVE!**

HECK! THEY'RE **DOIN'** IT!

I DUNNO WHERE YOU DID YOUR VOICE TRAINING, BUT I'VE GOTTA TAKE A COURSE THERE!

LET'S GET MOVING BEFORE THEY CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!

BUT BEHIND THEM, THE GRIM FIGURE OF THE ZOMBIE —

ARMOURY'S THIS WAY — THOUGH GRUD KNOWS WHAT KIND OF WEAPONS WILL STOP YOUR DEAD TWIN — OR SHOULD I SAY **UN**DEAD?

FORGET THE WEAPONS.

TELEPORTER ROOM — IT SHOULD BE CLOSE...

HERE IT IS! BUT HOW DID YOU —?

I NOTICED THEY HAD ONE IN THE LAST SECTOR HOUSE. WE'VE OBVIOUSLY PERFECTED THE TECHNOLOGY BY 2120.

TELEPORTER

TH-H-HRUMM

AUXILIARY GENERATOR'S STARTING!

WE'VE GOT POWER!

GET INTO THE 'PORTER. SET THE CO-ORDINATES FOR **PROTEUS**.

THE TIME MACHINE...

HEY! I'M **WITH** YOU!

THE TIME MACHINE!

NO-OOOO!

STOP THEMMMMMM!

HECK, I SHOULDA BEEN A TEK! CAN'T QUITE FIGURE THIS—

—WAIT A MINUTE, THOUGH!

CRASSSH-H-H!

YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE, JOE!

BLAM!
BLAM!

GOOD SHOOTING FOR A BLIND MAN!

BUT THEN WE ALWAYS WERE GOOD, WEREN'T WE?

THWAK!

BUT THE GAME'S OVER NOW, JOE –

– AND THERE'S NO POWER IN CREATION THAT CAN SAVE YOUR ROTTEN LIFE!

NEXT PROG: **STRANGLEHOLD!**

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120, WHERE DREDD AND ANDERSON ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE THE MUTANT AND GET BACK TO THEIR OWN TIME.

BUT IN A SECTOR HOUSE TELEPORTER ROOM, THEY ARE CORNERED BY THE MUTANT'S ZOMBIE – DREDD HIMSELF !

STOP THEM ! STOP THEM !

GONNA SQUEEZE THE LIFE OUTTA YOU, JOE !

NNNNNGH!

CO-ORDINATES SET FOR PROTEUS, DREDD – GET IN HERE !

DREDD LUNGES BACKWARDS...

HIT IT, ANDERSON !

PORT

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART STEVE DILLON
LETTERING T FRAME

THE TIME MACHINE – WE'RE HERE !
OH, MOLEY! SO'S JOE GEEK !
DREDD! I CAN'T GET HIM OFF !
FORGET HIM ! HIT THE EMERGENCY BUTTON !
THE MASSIVE ENGINES LOCK IN –
AAAAAAHH!

AND PROTEUS IS GONE!

CURSE YOU, JOE DREDD!

CURSE YOU!

AND ON PROTEUS THE POWER OF THE MUTANT'S CREATURE IS SUDDENLY –

–SWITCHED OFF!

WHUMP!

INSTRUMENTS REPORT THE TIME MACHINE'S **COMING BACK**, CHIEF JUDGE.

BUT IT ONLY LEFT A MINUTE AGO!

TIME IS RELATIVE. THEY COULD HAVE BEEN AWAY FOR DAYS — MONTHS EVEN.

THEY'RE COMIN' IN ON **EMERGENCY**. COULD BE TROUBLE!

TEK

PROTEUS

SHE'S CLEAR!

OPEN HER UP!

GUNS READY, JUST IN CASE!

SWEET MERCY!

DREDD'S LOST HIS **EYES**, CHIEF JUDGE!

MED TEAMS! IMMEDIATE!

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S WEARING DREDD'S BADGE!

AND THAT **CHIN... GOTTA** BE HIM!

YOU TWO HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO. AS SOON AS YOU'VE BEEN TREATED –

TREATMENT CAN WAIT. WE'LL LIVE. YOU'D BETTER HEAR WHAT WE'VE GOT TO REPORT.

LATER... SO THE **JUDGE CHILD** WAS CLONED – BECAME THIS **MUTANT** – AND OUR CITY WILL PERISH BECAUSE OF IT.

IT'S THE WORST NEWS YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT ME, DREDD!

BUT IT DOESN'T **HAVE** TO BE LIKE THAT, CHIEF JUDGE.

WHAT?

THE IDEA CAME TO ME WHEN I WAS FACING THE MUTANT...

I SUPPRESSED IT IMMEDIATELY. HAD HE SENSED WHAT I WAS THINKING, I'D HAVE BEEN SQUASHED THERE AND THEN.

IF WE COULD GET BACK TO **XANADU** – TO THE TIME WHEN THE MUTANT **CLONE** WAS CREATED...

IF WE COULD **SNUFF OUT** THE MUTANT'S LIFE **BEFORE** HE CAN **BRING** HIS EVIL TO OUR CITY...

THEN THAT FUTURE WOULD NEVER HAPPEN!

NEXT PROG: **RETURN TO XANADU!**

JUDGE DREDD

CITY OF THE DAMNED

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

JUDGES **DREDD** AND **ANDERSON** HAVE JOURNEYED INTO THE **FUTURE** TO FIND THEIR CITY DESTROYED BY **THE MUTANT** – THE EVIL **CLONE** OF THE **JUDGE CHILD** –

NOW, BACK IN THEIR OWN TIME, DREDD EXPOUNDS A **STARTLING THEORY** –

IF WE GO TO **XANADU** AND SNUFF OUT **THE MUTANT** 13 YEARS **BEFORE** HE HITS THE CITY...

...**THEN THAT FUTURE WOULD NEVER HAPPEN!**

BUT YOU **CAN'T** CHANGE THE FUTURE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

YEAH? SHOW ME THE RULE BOOK.

BUT, DREDD, WE'VE **BEEN** THERE! WE'VE **SEEN** IT! IT'S **HAPPENED!**

THEN I'LL UNHAPPEN IT!

IT MAKES A CERTAIN KIND OF SENSE. BUT WON'T THERE BE **DANGERS** IN ALTERING A FUTURE WE ALREADY KNOW EXISTS?

THE DANGER, CHIEF JUDGE, LIES IN **NOT** ALTERING IT!

VERY WELL. IT'S WORTH A TRY. NO DOUBT YOU TWO WOULD LIKE TO HANDLE IT.

YOU CAN LEAVE AS SOON AS YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM YOUR INJURIES.

AT A JUSTICE DEPT. **MED BAY** THE TWO JUDGES ARE TREATED –

NEVER SEEN **GANGRENE** SPREAD SO FAST! I'M SORRY, ANDERSON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO **AMPUTATE.**

OH GRUD!

JUST **JOKING!** YOU'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!

YOU RAT, CHEGLEY!

SOCKETS STERILISED!

OPTIC NERVES ARE STILL INTACT. NO HOPE OF REGENERATION THOUGH.

I MEASURE HIM 5 RIGHT, 5/A LEFT.

OKAY, WE'RE READY FOR THOSE IMPLANTS!

LET'S MAKE A GOOD JOB OF THIS, TEAM.

IF WE DON'T, WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.

SQUELCH!

*IT IS A FULL WEEK BEFORE **DREDD** IS PASSED FIT FOR THE **XANADU** MISSION –*

HOW YOU GETTIN' ON WITH THE **NEW PEEPERS**, J.D.?

THE **EYES**, ANDERSON, GIVE ME ENHANCED CLARITY OVER DISTANCE, 20-20 NIGHT VISION AND A FIFTY PER CENT REDUCTION IN BLINKING TIME. THEIR EFFICIENCY IS UNARGUABLE.

IN FACT, MY ONE REGRET IS THAT I DIDN'T HAVE THE OPERATION DONE **YEARS** AGO.

BLAST OFF —

— AND 28 HOURS LATER, THROUGH WARP SPACE —

— THE PLANET **XANADU.**

TAKING HER DOWN OVER THE **GRUNWALDER'S** TERRITORY NOW, DREDD!

ABOVE THEM, CASTLE GRUN.

HERE, DREDD HAD FOUGHT HIS FINAL BATTLE WITH PA AND JUNIOR ANGEL.

HERE, HE HAD LEFT THE EVIL JUDGE CHILD TO THE ROBOT GRUNWALDER'S CARE.

HERE, LATER, MEGA-CITY MISSILES HAD FINALLY SLAIN THE JUDGE CHILD.

BUT THE GRUNWALDER HAD TAKEN A CLONE – HAD CREATED THE MUTANT THAT WAS TO DESTROY MEGA-CITY ONE.

JUDGES ARE COMING, GRUNWALDER! THEY'VE COME TO KILL IT!

HOW COULD THEY HAVE FOUND OUT?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT THEY HAVE. AND THEY'RE RIGHT.

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE CULTURE, GRUNWALDER. WE'VE CREATED A MONSTER!

THE MUTANT MUST BE DESTROYED!

GRUNWALDER!

FZAKK!

SHATTA!

POOP!

DROKK! IT'S **OUT!**

BLOW IT AWAY!

DREDD

SPOING!

IT'S DEFLECTING THE BULLETS! **ANDERSON!** DO SOMETHING!

DO **WHAT?**

I DUNNO — **DISTRACT IT!**

THE PSI JUDGE FOCUSES ALL HER WILL AGAINST THE GROTESQUE CREATURE —

DREDD... NOW!

BLAM

SPLUT

BLAM!

BLAM!

SPLAT!

CURSSSE YOU JOE DREDD...

LIFE FORCE HAS GONE. IT'S DEAD.

THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE.

OWEN KRYSLER – OR WHATEVER THE HELL YOU ARE – I CONSIGN YOUR BODY TO THE FIRE!

SPUD!

AND THE MUTANT ...IS NO MORE!

OF COURSE, GRUNWALDER, YOU REALISE YOU MUST ALSO BE DESTROYED.

YES, I FEARED AS MUCH.

NOTHING PERSONAL, BUSTER – JUST WE CAN'T TRUST YOU ANY MORE.

BACK ON BOARD SHIP —

FIRE!

FADOOOOOOOM

A GRIM EPISODE IN MEGA-CITY ONE'S HISTORY COMES TO AN END.

LET'S HOPE SO.

A WEEK LATER, IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE —

DREDD'S SOLUTION SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED, CHIEF JUDGE. MY **PRECOGS** ALL REPORT NO RECURRENCE OF THE NIGHTMARE VISIONS.

THE **FUTURE** IS **CLEAR.**

THANK GRUD!

AND IN THE **BLACK MUSEUM** —

YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WE CHANGED THE FUTURE — RIGHT? NONE OF IT WILL EVER HAPPEN — RIGHT?

THEN HOW COME YOU'RE PEERIN' OUT OF **BIONIC PEEPERS** AN' **JOE GEEK** HERE'S THE STAR ATTRACTION OF THE **BLACK MUSEUM**?

SEARCH ME, ANDERSON.

AND FIND MYSELF DOIN' **FIVE** IN A **CUBE**?

YOU GOTTA BE JOKIN'!

NEXT PROG: TAKE-OUT-A-LIFE MEMBERSHIP: **THE HUNTERS CLUB!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE HUNTERS CLUB

PART ONE

THIS IS CITIZEN **LENNARD J. STIBBLE**. 43, HAPPILY SINGLE, PROPRIETOR OF A SMALL BUT GROWING SECTOR 101 RETAIL FRANCHISE. IN THE WORLD OF **FASHION KNEEPADS**, A MAN DESTINED TO SUCCEED. . .

...EXCEPT THAT TODAY LENNARD J. STIBBLE IS GOING TO DIE.

BRINNGGGGG

HUH?

I-I'M GOING TO BE **KILLED**? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! **WHY**? WHO'D WANT TO KILL **ME**?

PAH! IT'S GOT TO BE A JOKE! THE **HUNTERS CLUB** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE**... THERE'S NO SUCH THING!

BLOCK SPUGS, I'LL BE BOUND! SOME **SICKOS** TRYING TO GET THEIR KICKS OUT OF FRIGHTENING DECENT, UPWARDLY-MOBILE BIZ-CITS!

PROBABLY THOSE **UGHS** ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH FLOOR.

KNEE

SCRIPT T B GROVER

ART RON SMITH

LETTERING T FRAME

BRINNNGGG BRIN

WHO COULD BE PHONING AT THIS HOUR ?

CONGRATULATIONS, LENNARD
YOUR NAME HAS BEEN CHOSEN AT RANDOM FROM THE CITIZENS DIRECTORY TO BE THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE HUNTERS CLUB OF MEGA-CITY ONE.
THAT'S RIGHT !
YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN !

GOOD LUCK – AND GOOD RUNNING !

WHAT THE HELL –?

WHO IS THIS ?

CLICK !

THEY'VE HUNG UP !

JOINSON BLOCK JOINSON

WELL YOU DON'T SCARE ME ! YOU HEAR ? LENNARD J. STIBBLE IS WISE TO YOUR DIRTY TRICKS !

23 MINUTES LATER, LENNARD J. STIBBLE ARRIVES AT HIS SHOPETTE...

CLOSED

FORBIDDEN KNEE

...WHERE IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL —

OH, SIR! THESE PADS ARE SO RIGHT! SO... **VOUS!**

THEY FEEL A LITTLE **LOOSE**, ACTUALLY.

THEY'RE FULLY **ADJUSTABLE**, SIR. THERE — HOW'S THAT?

MUCH BETTER, THANKS.

GOOD! I'LL WRAP THEM UP!

AND YET, AS THE MORNING PASSES, THERE LINGERS THAT NAGGING, NIGGLING FEAR AT THE BACK OF HIS SHREWD BUSINESS MIND —

BLAST! I COULD'VE SOLD THAT DUMBO A PAIR OF LAST YEAR'S REJECTS! I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH.

IT'S THAT DAMNED VID-CALL! IT'S PUTTING ME RIGHT OFF! I'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF MY MIND!

WAIT-A-MINUTE! **ME — KILLED?** THE VERY IDEA!

FORBIDDEN KNEE – A PAD FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?

WHY AREN'T YOU **RUNNING**, LENNARD?

HUHHH?

WE **WARNED** YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE!**

UHHH!

TIME'S RUNNING OUT, LENNARD. YOU REALLY SHOULD BE RUNNING. I'M COMING FOR YOU.

I'M COMING FOR YOU **NOW!**

CLICK!

NO!

THE MAN'S A **MANIAC!** HE **MEANS** IT!

HE'S COMING **HERE.** I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY –

CLOSED

WHERE DO I GO? HOME? **NO!** HE COULD BE WAITING THERE FOR ME!

BUT WHAT IF HE'S NOT? WHAT IF HE'S ALREADY **HERE**, WATCHING?

IT COULD BE **ANY** OF THESE PEOPLE!

THAT MAN HOLDING A BROWN BAG! TH-THERE COULD BE A **GUN** IN IT... OR A **HATCHET** TO CHOP OFF MY HEAD!

RUSTLE

NO! **PLEASE!** DON'T **KILL** ME!

I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO HURT **YOU**!

WHAT'S **YOUR** BEEF, SPECKY?

SLUPP!

LOUSY CITY! SPROUTS MORE WEIRDOES EVERY DAY!

HAVE TO GET CONTROL OF MYSELF! DON'T WANT TO MAKE A SCENE! I'VE GOT MY BUSINESS REPUTATION TO CONSIDER!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT, CREEP! I **SAW** YOU SPIT!

I-I WAS JUST CLEARING MY THROAT, SIR! IT CAME OUT BY ACCIDENT!

DREDD

A JUDGE! OF COURSE! HE'LL PROTECT ME!

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY? I CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING. HE'LL THINK I'M CRAZY! PROBABLY LOCK ME UP!

OH, NO! I'M NOT TELLING ANY JUDGE!

ANYWAY, MAYBE I AM CRAZY AT THAT! LETTING MYSELF GET ALL WORKED UP OVER NOTHING! SEEING SPOOKS ROUND EVERY CORNER!

SURE! NOBODY KILLS ANYONE FOR NO REASON! IT'S JUST SOME SPUGGY HOAX- AND I FELL FOR IT BUT GOOD!

BETTER GET BACK TO THE SHOPETTE BEFORE I LOSE ANY MORE BUSINESS.

RUSTLE

HAH HAH! YOU DON'T CATCH ME TWICE!

HI, LENNARD.

FSSTTT!

NEXT PROG:
JOIN THE HUNTERS CLUB!

JUDGE DREDD

A BODY LIES IN A BUSY MEGA-CITY STREET...

ONE CLEAN SHOT BULLET ENTERED THE ABDOMEN ON AN UPWARD TRAJECTORY AND EXPLODED INSIDE THE HEART.

GUN MUST'VE BEEN HELD ABOUT WAIST LEVEL.

NO WITNESSES. USUAL THING – NOBODY NOTICED. GUY HAD BEEN TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I GOT TO HIM

VICTIM'S NAME ?

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

LENNARD J. STIBBLE, PROPRIETOR OF FORBIDDEN KNEE.

CASH... CRED CARDS STILL INTACT, SO THE MOTIVE WASN'T ROBBERY.

MEAT WAGON ON ITS WAY !

OKAY. DON'T SUPPOSE IT'LL DO ANY GOOD, BUT HAVE **FORENSIC** CHECK OUT HIS SHOPETTE. I'LL HANDLE HIS APARTMENT.

JUDGES AWARE

KEEP BACK

TO DREDD, IT SEEMS LIKE JUST ANOTHER RANDOM, REASONLESS KILLING. ONE OF HUNDREDS THAT OCCUR EVERY WEEK IN THE FUTURE CITY –

HE DOES NOT YET REALISE IT IS THE WORK OF THAT SINISTER CONSPIRACY KNOWN AS...

THE HUNTERS CLUB

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SEEDY MIDTOWN BAR, A MEETING OF THE **HUNTERS CLUB** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE** IS IN PROGRESS —

I FILMED THE **HUNT** WITH A CAMERA HIDDEN IN MY BROWN BAG.

NOTE THE EXPRESSION ON LENNARD'S FACE. HE'S JUST SEEN MY GUN.

I FIRED FROM LOW DOWN. I USED A **FILBY MARK IV** SILENCER, BY THE WAY... I CAN RECOMMEND IT.

AND THAT'S ABOUT IT, GENTLEMEN. I WAS OFF AND AWAY BEFORE ANYONE REALISED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

I THINK WE ALL OUGHT TO CONGRATULATE HOWARD ON HIS KILL. HE'S DEVELOPING INTO A **FINE** CLUB MEMBER!

CLAP

NICE ONE, HOWARD!

CLAP

SHOOT 'EM DEAD, BOY!

CLAP

CLAP

TH-THEN IT'S TRUE! THEY REALLY **DO** KILL PEOPLE!

AMONG THOSE PRESENT, ONE **CHIP CHEGLEY**, UNEMPLOYED LOOF SAMPLER FROM SECTOR 98. THIS IS HIS FIRST CLUB MEETING.

I THOUGHT **BUB** WAS RIBBIN' ME WHEN HE SAID THEY HUNTED **PEOPLE**! HOLY CREMOLA! AND NOW I'M ONE OF THEM!

GENTLEMEN, OUR COMPUTER HAS ALREADY CHOSEN – AT RANDOM, FROM THE CITIZENS DIRECTORY – THE NAME OF OUR NEXT **QUARRY**.

I HAVE IT HERE IN THIS ENVELOPE, WAITING FOR THE LUCKY MEMBER CHOSEN TO TAKE PART IN **THIS**, THE **GREATEST GAME** OF **ALL**, THE GAME OF **LIFE** AND **DEATH** –

–**THE HUNT!**

THE CEREMONIAL SKULL IS PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND AS EACH MEMBER DRAWS HIS DISC –

A BLANK! NOT ME THIS TIME!

CHIP CHEGLEY WATCHES WITH A MIXTURE OF EXCITEMENT AND APPREHENSION –

IT'S AMAZING! THEY'RE DRAWING LOTS ON SOMEONE'S **LIFE**! WHOEVER GETS THE **MARKED DISC** WILL BE A KILLER!

WHAT IF IT'S **ME**? C-COULD I **DO** IT? COULD I REALLY **KILL** ANOTHER HUMAN BEING?

GOSH, I DON'T EVEN WANT TO FIND OUT! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET **BUB** TALK ME INTO COMING TO THIS CRAZY MEETING IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WELL, THIS IS THE LAST! WHEN THIS MEETING'S OVER, THAT'S IT! I'M OUT! GOODBYE!

BAH! NOT ME!

YOUR TURN, CHIP.

HUH? OH, SURE –

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHIP?

KILL

HE'S GOT THE KILL!

LUCKY DOG!

GOOD GOIN', CHIP!

LISTEN, I...I...

NOT ANOTHER WORD, BOY! HERE'S THE ENVELOPE! LET'S FIND OUT **WHO** YOU'RE GOING TO HUNT!

DON'T BE SHY, BOY! READ IT!

IT'S, UH... IT'S A WOMAN... A... A MRS **ENID LAVISHANKA**, A 54-YEAR-OLD WIDOW FROM WIM WENDERS BLOCK.

LISTEN, MR CHAIRMAN. I –

NO NEED TO EXPLAIN, BOY! I KNOW YOU'RE EXCITED!

SEEING HOW BUB HERE INTRODUCED YOU, I'M APPOINTING HIM AS YOUR SUPERVISOR. HE'LL SEE YOU SAFELY THROUGH YOUR FIRST KILL!

GO AHEAD, BOY! GET OUT THERE AND MAKE YOUR BONES!

HUNT HER DOWN!

'RAAAY, CHIP!

CAN'T GET OVER YOUR LUCK, CHIP! GETTING THE KILL ON YOUR FIRST VISIT!

GEE, BUB, I'M NOT SO SURE I'M CUT OUT TO BE A KILLER...

'COURSE YOU ARE! EVERYBODY IS! YOU'RE NERVOUS, THAT'S ALL! ONCE YOU'VE DONE YOUR FIRST, THE REST COME EASY — TAKE IT FROM ME!

YOU MEAN, **YOU'VE** KILLED?

THREE TIMES!

BUT THAT'S NOTHING! SOME OF THOSE GUYS IN THERE HAVE DONE FIFTEEN — **TWENTY!**

WOW!

JUST TRUST YOUR BUDDY BUB! WE'LL PLAN IT ALL OUT! IT'LL BE A CINCH, YOU'LL SEE!

IN LENNARD STIBBLE'S APARTMENT, A THOROUGH SEARCH HAD REVEALED ONLY ONE CLUE... BUT IT WAS ENOUGH.

WE'VE GOT AN **AUTO-RECORDING** ON HIS VID-PHONE —

DREDD

CONGRATULATIONS, **LENNARD** YOUR NAME HAS BEEN CHOSEN AT RANDOM FROM THE **CITIZENS DIRECTORY** TO BE THE LATEST **VICTIM** OF THE **HUNTERS CLUB** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE**. THAT'S RIGHT! YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE HUNTED DOWN AND **SLAIN!**

GOOD LUCK – AND GOOD RUNNING!

WE CAN PUT THIS ONE DOWN TO THE **HUNTERS CLUB**.

THE HUNTERS CLUB! THAT'S THE SEVENTH DEFINITE THIS MONTH – AND YOU CAN RECKON ON AT LEAST THE SAME AGAIN UNDETECTED!

AND NEVER ANY CLUES. WE ALWAYS FIND OUT ABOUT IT TOO LATE.

A BUNCH OF **SICKOS** MURDERING AT WILL, AND NOT A THING WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM –

–NOT UNTIL WE CATCH ONE IN THE ACT...OR ONE OF THEM **CRACKS**.

WE'VE GOT ANY WEAPON YOU LIKE – BLADES, HATCHETS, DRILLS – BUT I THINK WE'LL SAVE THE FANCY STUFF TILL YOU'VE GOT A BIT MORE EXPERIENCE.

NO, SIR! NOTHING TO BEAT THE OLD **SILENCED ZIP GUN** FOR A FIRST KILL.

TRY HER OUT FOR SIZE, CHIP BUDDY!

HOW DOES IT FEEL? RECKON YOU COULD PUT ONE BETWEEN HER EYES WITH THAT LITTLE BEAUTY?

UH...UH...

MY GOD, I CAN'T DO IT! **I CAN'T!**

NEXT PROG:

KILL – OR BE KILLED!

THE HUNTERS CLUB

THE HUNT'S OVER, ENID—

YOU'RE DEAD!

SCRIPT
T.B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME

ZIPPP ZIPPP ZIPPP

THAT'S BETTER, **CHIP** BOY! RECKON YOU'RE READY TO TACKLE THE **REAL** ENID NOW!

ENID LAVISHANKA, UNWITTING RESIDENT OF WIM WENDERS BLOCK, HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE NEXT **VICTIM** OF THE SICK ORGANISATION KNOWN AS THE **HUNTERS CLUB**.

NEW BOY CHIP CHEGLEY IS THE LUCKY MEMBER NOMINATED TO HUNT HER DOWN.

OKAY, FIRST THING YOU GOTTA DO IS GIVE HER THE **STATUTORY WARNING**. SCARE HER UP A BIT — TRY TO GET HER RUNNING. MAKES FOR A BETTER HUNT.

LISTEN, BUB, I'M NOT SURE I CAN GO THROUGH WITH THIS...

'COURSE YOU CAN! **FIRST KILL NERVES**, THAT'S ALL!

HERE — I'VE WRITTEN OUT THE WORDS FOR YOU. NOTHING TO IT! GO ON!

CHIP CHEGLEY RELUCTANTLY PUNCHES THE NUMBER —

SCRAMBLER

1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
0

— AND STUTTERS INTO THE VOICE SCRAMBLER.

M-M-M-MRS ENID L-L-LAV-LAVI-LAVISHANKA?

MUM! IT'S FOR YOU!

SHE-SHE'S GOT A **KID**, BUB! SHE'S A **MOTHER**!

PLENTY OF 'EM ABOUT, CHIP!

HELLO?

ENID?

YES.

C-CONGRATULATIONS! YOU...YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS THE N-NEXT **VICTIM** OF THE **HUNTERS CLUB** OF **MEGA-CITY ONE**...

HUNTERS CLUB?

NO THANKS. I'M **BOOK** OF THE **MONTH**.

N-NO, Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE GOING TO BE **HUNTED DOWN** AND **SLAIN**! I'M GOING TO **KILL** YOU, ENID!

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO **IS** THIS?

PLEASE BELIEVE ME! RUN! RUN WHILE YOU HAVE THE CHANCE!

CLICK!

IT'S NO GOOD, BUB! I **CAN'T DO** IT! I'M JUST NOT **CUT OUT** TO BE A KILLER!

A **HUNTER**, CHIP. AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE **GOT** TO DO IT.

SEE, CHIP, ONCE YOU'VE KILLED YOU'RE **ONE** OF US. YOU CAN'T BLAB ABOUT THE **CLUB ACTIVITIES** WITHOUT PUTTING **YOURSELF** IN THE CUBES. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE **CHOSEN** FOR THIS HUNT.

YOU-YOU MEAN THE DRAW WAS **RIGGED**?

WE CLUB MEMBERS HAVE TO PROTECT OURSELVES.

SO I WAS **CHEATED** INTO THIS CRAZY STUNT! WELL, THAT'S IT! I QUIT! I'M **OUT!**

THAT'S A REAL SHAME, CHIP...

...I JUST HATE TO BLOW AN OLD PAL AWAY!

M-ME? YOU WOULDN'T...?

YOU WOULD!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, BUDDY. IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

ULP!

SO COME ON, LET'S NOT FALL OUT ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS.

TELL YOU WHAT — LET'S GET RIGHT OUT THERE AND **DO** IT! ONCE YOU'VE GOT YOUR FIRST KILLING UNDER YOUR BELT, YOU'LL WONDER WHAT ALL THE FUSS WAS ABOUT!

WHO WAS IT, MUM ?

A MAN... HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME.

I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO CALL THE JUDGES ?

AW, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME! JUST A **CRANK!** CITY'S FULL OF 'EM !

I KNOW, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING... **DIFFERENT** ABOUT THIS ONE. HE DIDN'T SOUND LIKE HE WAS JOKING.

HE SOUNDED ALMOST... **FRIGHTENED.**

THE TWO CLUBBERS MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS TOWN TOWARDS ***WIM WENDERS BLOCK...***

WEEEAAOOOEEWAAAA

A **JUDGE!**

GET DOWN, YOU CITIZENS!

SKREECH!

DROP YOUR GUNS, CREEPS!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
DREDD!
WASTE HIM!
PTOWW!
HARD OF HEARING, HUH?
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
CONTROL! THREE STIFFS, RUNCIE PEDWAY! JOB FOR THE MEAT WAGON!
WILCO, DREDD!
ALL RIGHT, VULTURES, SHOW'S OVER! MOVE ALONG THERE!
RELAX! WHY SHOULD HE SUSPECT US? THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF THE HUNTERS CLUB!
HERE'S A BOOTH. GIVE ENID HER FINAL CALL. DON'T S'POSE SHE'LL RUN, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.
UH... O-OKAY...
PHONE
H-HELLO, ENID? IT'S ME AGAIN. I'M RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR BLOCK. I'LL BE UP THERE SOON.

PLEASE BELIEVE ME, I-I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. IT'S BUB! HE'S GOT ME TRAPPED! IF I DON'T DO IT HE-HE-

THAT'S ENOUGH!

BOY, WHAT A PRIZE TURKEY YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

C'MON – LET'S GET IT DONE BEFORE YOU TURN BLUE WITH FUNK.

Y-YOU'RE COMING TOO? B-BUT I THOUGHT –

THOUGHT YOU'D SLOPE OFF AS SOON AS YOU WERE OUT OF MY SIGHT, DID YOU? **NO CHANCE**, BUDDY! I'M GONNA BE WITH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY!

ULP!

HE SAYS HE'S RIGHT OUTSIDE! HE'S COMING FOR ME!

FORGET IT, MUM! HE'S JUST A **NUT!**

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M **WORRIED** ABOUT!

I'M CALLING THE JUDGES!

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY **WIM WENDERS BLOCK!** WE HAVE A POSSIBLE **HUNTERS CLUB SLAYING** IN PROGRESS!

DREDD HERE! **ON MY WAY!**

NEXT PROG: **CLUBBED!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE HUNTERS CLUB

HUNTERS CLUB SLAYING IN PROGRESS, WIM WENDERS BLOCK!

DREDD! RESPONDING!

WIM WENDERS BLOCK

DREDD

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CLIFF ROBINSON
LETTERING T FRAME

ENID! IT'S ME!

Rap! Rap! Rap!

20ab LAVISHANKA

PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR, ENID. DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER FOR ME.

SHE'S NOT GONNA OPEN THE DOOR, DUMMY! GET ON WITH IT! **BLOW THE LOCK!**

OH MY GOD —

I... I'M REALLY SORRY, ENID. I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. IT'S JUST - YOUR NAME WAS CHOSEN, A-AND...

I'VE GOT TO DO IT!

GROUND FLOOR

CLEAR THAT ELEVATOR!

LITTER

YIKE!

IT'S NO GOOD! I-I CAN'T!

I'M NOT A KILLER!

CHANG!

THAT'S TOO BAD, CHIP BUDDY!

I GAVE YOU EVERY CHANCE, BUT YOU LET ME DOWN.

D-DON'T SHOOT ME! PLEASE! WE-WE'RE FRIENDS!

SORRY. GOTTA.

CLUB RULES.

ZIPPP!

HOLY CREMOLA! HE WAS REALLY GONNA **KILL** YOU, MUM!

20TH FLOOR

HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME, BUT HE COULDN'T -

CREEP CHICKENED OUT, JUDGE DREDD! THEN ANOTHER GUY SHOT **HIM!**

DESCRIPTION?

DIDN'T GET A GREAT LOOK AT HIM. AVERAGE KINDA DULT, I GUESS.

HE RAN OFF TOWARDS THE STAIRS!

DON'T TOUCH THE BODY!

DREDD TO CONTROL! I WANT **MAXIMUM SURVEILLANCE** ALL EXITS, WIM WENDERS BLOCK!

PERP IS MALE, ARMED AND DANGEROUS! HE'LL BE NERVOUS – HE'S JUST COMMITTED **MURDER!**

JUDGES CONVERGE ON WIM WENDERS BLOCK –

WIM WENDERS BLOCK

AT EACH EXIT THEIR EXPERT EYES SCAN THE CROWD –

EXIT

STAY COOL, BUB BOY. NOTHING TO LINK YOU TO CHIP'S DEATH...

'CEPT THIS.

GOTTA GET RID OF IT!

YOU!

M-M-ME?

BIG BULGE - RIGHT POCKET! **EMPTY!**

NICE AND SLOW NOW!

B-BUT THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE EXCEPT -

HUH?

FLAT ON THE GROUND!

DREDD! FRISK HERE - EXIT 4! I THINK I'VE GOT YOUR MAN.

IT'S BEEN FIRED RECENTLY.

LISTEN, I NEVER **SAW** THAT GUN BEFORE! I DON'T KNOW **HOW** IT GOT THERE!

JUST JUMPED IN YOUR POCKET ON ITS OWN, HUH?

LET'S GET HIM UPBLOCK FOR A POSITIVE **I.D.**

IN THE LAVISHANKA APARTMENT -

OH, NO. THAT'S NOT HIM. THE KILLER DIDN'T HAVE A BROKEN NOSE AND BLOOD ALL OVER HIS FACE.

CLEAN HIM UP A BIT.

OH, NO, THAT'S DEFINITELY NOT HIM.

THE KILLER WAS A GOOD HEAD SHORTER!

SEE, I TOLD YOU-

SAVE IT!

THAT'S A DISAPPOINTMENT. WE'LL HOLD HIM FOR INTERROGATION, BUT I RECKON HE'S JUST A CHUMP...THE REAL KILLER PROBABLY SLIPPED HIM THE GUN IN THE BLOCK PLAZA.

IF SO, HE'S LONG GONE - AND OUR BEST CHANCE OF NAILING THE **HUNTERS CLUB** HAS GONE WITH HIM!

NEXT PROG: **THE BUB'LL BURST!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE HUNTERS CLUB

CHIP CHEGLEY, *RELUCTANT INITIATE OF THE* ***HUNTERS CLUB,*** *HAS BEEN GUNNED DOWN BY A FELLOW MEMBER FOR REFUSING TO KILL HIS SELECTED VICTIM –*

GUN'S DEFINITELY THE MURDER WEAPON, DREDD. BUT NO PRINTS OR OTHER ORGANIC TRACES, EXCEPT FROM THE CHUMP YOU CAUGHT – AND I THINK WE CAN ELIMINATE HIM.

NAME'S **CHIP CHEGLEY,** UNEMPLOYED LOOF SAMPLER, **MARIO PUZO** BLOCK.

NOMINATED TO CARRY OUT A HUNTERS CLUB KILLING... COULDN'T DO IT – SO HIS PAL SHOT **HIM** TO STOP HIM REVEALING CLUB SECRETS.

THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKS TO ME.

YOU SAY YOU RECEIVED TWO DEATH THREATS, CITIZEN. THAT'S STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE FOR THE HUNTERS CLUB. MOST PEOPLE DON'T BOTHER TO REPORT THEM – THINK THEY'RE JUST A HOAX

THAT'S WHAT **WE** THOUGHT!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T FRAME

FIRST CALL WAS MADE FROM AN UNREGISTERED RADIOPHONE – THE SECOND FROM THE BOOTH ACROSS THE STREET. NO LEADS THERE.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE **HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN!** I'M GOING TO **KILL** YOU, ENID!

ANYTHING ON VID?

NEGATIVE. VOICE HAS BEEN SCRAMBLED TOO, THOUGH I THINK WE CAN BE SURE IT'S CHEGLEY

IT'S BUB! HE'S GOT ME TRAPPED!

IF I DON'T DO IT HE – HE –

HOLD IT! REPLAY THAT LAST SEG!

DREDD

IT'S BUB! HE'S GOT ME –

A NAME. **BOB – BUB** MAYBE...

COULD'VE BEEN **BUD**...

SOUNDED LIKE **BOWD** TO ME.

BOB, BUB, BUD OR BOWD, IT'S OUR ONE DECENT LINK TO CHEGLEY'S KILLER – AND THE HUNTERS CLUB!

AT MARIO PUZO DREDD BREAKS THE NEWS TO CHEGLEY'S WIDOW –

MARIO PUZO BLOCK

MY CHIP – D-DEAD? BUT HOW?

YOUR HUSBAND FELL IN WITH THE WRONG COMPANY, CITIZEN.

HE EVER MENTION THE HUNTERS CLUB?

NO.

THE NAME BOB, BOWD, BUB OR BUD MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

I DON'T THINK SO...

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE WAS SOMEONE CALLED BUB. HE-HE USED TO QUEUE FOR WORK WITH CHIP OVER AT LOVELACE'S LOOFS.

SEARCH COMPLETED, DREDD. NOTHING ON THIS BUB – OR THE HUNTERS CLUB.

WE DID FIND THIS THOUGH.

PURE SUGAR!

THIS YOURS, CITIZEN?

Y-YES.

POSSESSION OF PROHIBITED SUBSTANCES.

BOOK HER!

DREDD

DOWN BELOW -

COMPUTER - PATCH IN TO CENTRAL DATA. I WANT A LIST OF ALL REGISTERED LOOF WORKERS WITH THE NAME BUB.

WAS THAT BUB OR BOB? PLEASE CONFIRM.

BUB...B-U-B - BUB!

I HAVE **SIXTEEN** NAMES, OF WHICH **TWO** ARE WOMEN, **FIVE** ARE CURRENTLY SERVING TERMS OF ENCUBEMENT, **FOUR** CAN BE ELIMINATED ON GROUNDS OF AGE, BUILD OR KNOWN WHEREABOUTS.

GIVE ME PHOTO-PRINTS OF THE REMAINING FIVE.

THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! I'M A BEREAVED WIDOW!

BRING HER OVER HERE!

YOU RECOGNISE ANY OF THESE?

Y-YES... THAT ONE.

NAME: BUB SUMBY
ADDRESS: APT 3-113 VIC DAMONE CONAPTS
AGE: 33
STATUS: UNEMPLOYED LOOF WINDER.

THAT'S BUB!

JUDGE DREDD! ABOUT THAT SUGAR - IT **WASN'T** MINE, HONEST! IT WAS **CHIP'S!**

LIE DETECTOR SAYS SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

IN THAT CASE, SHE WAS LYING TO US EARLIER. **PERJURY'S** A **SERIOUS OFFENCE**, CHEGLEY!

THREE YEARS! TAKE HER AWAY!

OH NO! WHY DID I OPEN MY BIG MOUTH!

WHAT ABOUT OUR FRIEND BUB? DO WE PICK HIM UP?

NO...JUST KEEP HIM UNDER SURVEILLANCE. WITH A BIT OF LUCK HE COULD LEAD US STRAIGHT TO HIS SICK PALS IN THE HUNTERS CLUB.

DREDD

BUB SUMBY LEAVES HIS THIRD FLOOR CONAPT THAT NIGHT AT EIGHT. HAVING RECOVERED FROM THE TENSION OF THE HUNT, HE IS NOW FEELING SATISFIED WITH HIS DAY'S WORK –

SHAME ABOUT OLD CHIP. STILL, HE HAD IT COMING.

BUS

AND I HANDLED HIM LIKE A GOOD CLUB MEMBER! YES SIR! GONNA MAKE A GREAT STORY TO TELL THE BOYS!

3901

SPY IN THE SKY CAMERAS FOLLOW BUB'S EVERY MOVE –

HE'S BOARDED THE **CROSSTOWN 3901.**

HE'S LEAVING THE BUS ON LEXINGTON.

HEADING NORTH ON FOSSIL BOULEVARD.

NOW ENTERING THE **FLYBLOWN CARCASE** BAR! UNDERCOVER UNIT, PURSUE!

FLYBLOWN CARCASE BAR

ALL MOBILES CONVERGE! THIS COULD BE IT!

HEY, WHERE'S **LUPE**, THE USUAL BARKEEP?

DUNNO. I'M JUST THE RELIEF.

THAT'S FUNNY. NOBODY ON THE DOOR...

H-HECK! THE MEETING ROOM'S BEEN CLEARED OUT! EVERYTHING'S GONE!

CONTROL...THIS IS WASHINGTON, UNDERCOVER. I'M IN THE BAR. OUR PERP'S GONE THROUGH TO THE BACK ROOMS. LOOKS LIKE THE MEETING PLACE ALL RIGHT.

ALL EXITS COVERED, DREDD!

OKAY, LET'S MOVE IN!

A LETTER, FOR ME.

BUB SUMBY

TO MEMBER BUB SUMBY – DUE TO THE FAILURE OF TODAY'S HUNT, IT IS OUR CONSIDERED OPINION THAT YOUR CONTINUED EXISTENCE POSES A SEVERE THREAT TO THE SAFETY OF THIS CLUB. ACCORDINGLY WE HAVE MOVED OUR BASE AND HEREBY ISSUE YOU WITH THIS STATUTORY WARNING –

"YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED AS THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE –"

NO! NOT ME!

SO EXACTLY 20 SECONDS AFTER OPENING, THIS LETTER WILL DETONATE.

SO LONG, BUB.

IT'S IGNITING! THEY CAN'T!

BADOOOM!!

THUS **PERISHES** DREDD'S LAST LEAD TO THE SINISTER **HUNTERS CLUB**...

WE WERE SO CLOSE!

YOU WIN SOME, YOU LOSE SOME. WE'LL GET THEM ONE DAY.

WE ALWAYS DO!

NEXT PROG :

MONSTEROSO!

JUDGE DREDD

MONSTEROSO

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS COME BIG—

I AM MONSTEROSO!

I CREATE - AND I DESTROY!

I BUILD - AND I UN-BUILD!

MONSTEROSO M16

NO-ONE IS TOUGHER THAN MONSTEROSO!

SWEET JOSH! CALL THE JUDGES!

WHO WANTS TO FIGHT MONSTEROSO?

NOT MEEEEEEE!

JUDGES ARRIVE –

I AM MONSTEROSO!

CONSTRUCTION ROBOT GONE HAYWIRE! ONE OF THE "BIG M" SERIES!

M16

WE GOTTA BRING IT DOWN!

NO WAY! IF THAT THING COMES DOWN IN THIS AREA WE'LL HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND CASUALTIES!

THEN WE'VE GOTTA SWITCH IT OFF!

COME OUT AND FIGHT MONSTEROSO!

N-NO THANKS...!

YES-S-S!

HELLLP!

AAAAAHH!

LOOK OUT – ITS FOOT!

CRUNKK!

AAGHHH!

THE SURVIVING JUDGE MAKES A LEAP FOR THE ROBOT'S LEG –

MADE IT!

GET OFF THIS FLYOVER, YOU SNAP-HAPPY MORONS!

DREDD

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CLIMB UP TO THE CONTROL BAY – THINK IT'S **JUDGE VIRGIL!**

GRUD! STRAIGHTENING ITS LEG –

AAAGH!

SO MUCH FOR VIRGIL! LET'S TRY THE MORE DIRECT ROUTE!

DREDD! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

UHNN!

WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE MAN?

YOU COME TO FIGHT MONSTEROSO?

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

DREDD'S MADE IT! HE'S DROPPED INTO THE CONTROL BAY!

DREDD HERE! GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM THE MANUAL OVER-RIDE! I'M GOING TO TRY TO **SHORT-CIRCUIT** IT!

FIGHT, LITTLE MAN!

FIGHT!

GRUD KNOWS WHICH ONE OF THESE CIRCUIT BANKS IS THE VITAL ONE –

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LITTLE MAN?

BLAM! BLAM!

NO! NO!

MUSSTN'T DO THISZSS...!

NOTT FAISR+*!
VZZZ! MUZZN+T
...ZZZTOPpp*pp
MONSDD"RO-SO.

FIGHZZZ...
FIGHTT...

CRAKKK-KKK!

FII*I@IIGHTT!

GRUD! IT'S **DECAPITATING** ITSELF!

AND DREDD'S STILL IN THERE!

KER-RASH!

DROKK!

THEN THE LEVIATHAN COMES TO A JUDDERING HALT!

BURN OUT!

MONSTEROUS M16

H-WAGON! CAN YOU SEE DREDD?

WE CAN SEE HIM. HE'S...

HE'S STILL ALIVE!

YOU WON'T GET MUCH CLOSER AND LIVE TO MAKE A REPORT ON IT!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

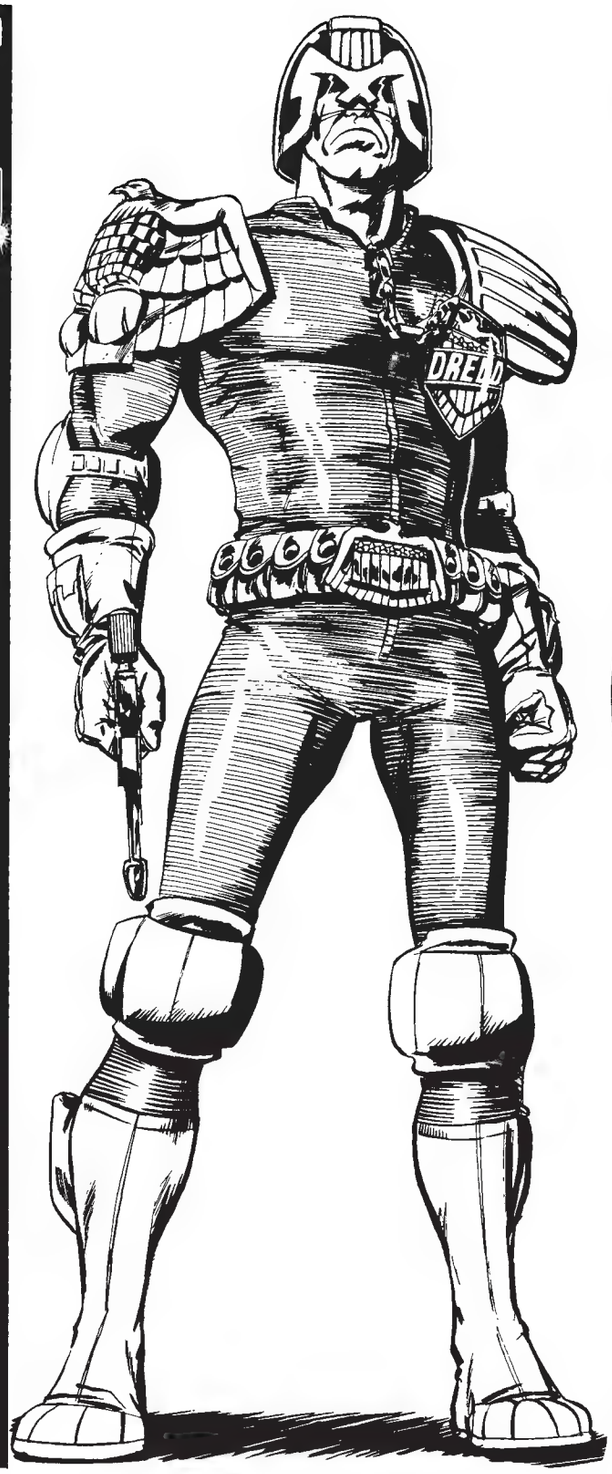
NOW LET'S FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS THING AND MAKE SOME **ARRESTS**.

HEADS ARE GONNA ROLL!

M16

NEXT PROG: "LET'S PLAY SPUGBUG!"

JUDGE DREDD



WHEN THE LAST DINNER PLATE HAS BEEN PUT AWAY, WHEN THE FIRST LIQUEURS HAVE BEEN POURED, AND THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED DOWN LOW –
WHEN THE CONVERSATION DROPS TO AN INTIMATE WHISPER, AND THERE'S MORE THAN A HINT OF ROMANCE IN THE AIR –
THEN SOME MORON IS SURE TO SAY –
HEY, EVERYBODY! LET'S PLAY SPUGBUG!
I GOT AN UNREGISTERED VID PHONE HERE!
WHEEE! LET'S DO IT!
FIRST CALL'S MINE!
RANDOM NUMBER, MO! NOBODY YOU KNOW!
HELLO?
HI THERE! THIS IS DEZ PERADO ON THE PHONE QUIZ! ANSWER THIS SIMPLE QUESTION AND YOU COULD WIN ONE MILLION CREDS!
FESS! FESS! I'M ON SOMETHING CALLED PHONE QUIZ!

NOW THEN...FOR ONE AMERICAN DOLLAR - WHAT COLOUR ARE YOUR HUSBAND'S B-PANTS?
B-BROWN! CRYPTO-LAGE BROWN!

OKAY! LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE RIGHT - WILL YOUR HUSBAND PLEASE TAKE DOWN HIS TROUSERS!
HURRY, FESS!

YES! CAMOUFLAGE BROWN! CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'VE WON!
WE'RE RICH!

YOU REALLY GOT 'EM GOIN', MO!
NOW FOR THE COOP DE GRASS!

DON'T CELEBRATE TOO SOON, CREEPS! YOU'VE WON NOTHING!
THIS IS JUSTICE DEPARTMENT ENTICEMENT SQUAD - AND YOU HAVE BEEN ENTICED!
EH?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE, OLD MAN! THE SENTENCE IS TEN YEARS!
O-OH MY-

UNNNNN!
FESS!

HAW HAW HAW! YOU PRACTICALLY GAVE HIM HEART FAILURE!

BUG THAT SPUG, MO!

ME NEXT!

A JUDGE ACCOMPANIES THE MED SQUAD TO THE VICTIMS' APARTMENT –

27 18 C

MED

MED

...THEN I HEARD LAUGHING AND I KNEW IT WAS JUST A SICK JOKE!

HMMM... CALL MADE FROM AN UNREGISTERED VID – UNTRACEABLE.

THE CALL RECORDING IS RELAYED DIRECTLY TO JUSTICE DEPT'S MAIN COMPUTER –

VOICE PRINTS, PHOTO SCAN. I WANT TO KNOW WHO THAT CREEP IS!

AND WITHIN SECONDS –

SUSPECT IDENTIFIED AS **MOOSY DOUBLEDICK**, APARTMENT 20-20, J.T. EDSON BLOCK.

OKAY, ASK CONTROL TO SEND THE NEAREST AVAILABLE UNIT.

NEAREST UNIT – **JUDGE DREDD**.

SUSPECT PERPING HOAX VID CALLS. LOCATE AND APPREHEND.

ON MY WAY!

I'M FROM **BLOCK SANITATION**. I'VE BEEN DELEGATED TO TELL YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SMELL.

MY **SMELL**? WH-WHAT D'YA MEAN?

I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR **DISGUSTING** BODY ODOUR! WE'VE HAD SEVERAL COMPLAINTS FROM RESIDENTS WHO'VE BEEN **PHYSICALLY ILL** IN YOUR VICINITY.

BUG 'IM, LOIS!

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH, PONGO! YOU'VE GOT ONE HOUR TO **SWEETEN UP** OR WE'LL BE IN THERE WITH THE **HYDROCHLORIC ACID** AND **WIRE SCRUBBERS!**

B-BUT IT AIN'T **THAT** BAD!

Sniff! Sniff!

MOBY DOUBLEDICK?

I'M THE BABYSITTER. THEY'RE AT A DINNER PARTY AT THE HUFFS. THAT'S APARTMENT 18-12, JUDGE.

20-20

HI THERE! WE'RE CARRYING OUT A CITYWIDE **SPOT CENSUS**! I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND HOLDING YOUR FACE CLOSER TO THE MONITORS?

OH WOW! I SEE YOU'VE GOT A BUMPER CROP! I BET THE GIRLS JUST **LOVE** THEM!

WELL, NO...

TCHIK!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID - **SPOTTY**?

NO, IT'S NORMAN.

A LITTLE AFTER DINNER **SPUGBUG**, EH?

DREDD

SPOTTY! SPOTTY! NORM'S A LITTLE SPOTTY!

WH-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

GAME'S OVER, CREEPS!

J-JUDGE DREDD!

WE-WE WERE JUST JOKING AROUND, JUDGE!

ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO FUNNY. HE **DIED**.

OH NO!

MOVE!

*WHEN THE LAST **SPUG** HAS BEEN **BUGGED**...*

HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE? HELLO!

AW, SNECK YA!

WHEN THE LAST LIQUEURS LIE UNTOUCHED ON THE TABLE, AND THE ONLY SOUND THAT FILLS THE ROOM IS THE DISTANT THRUM OF MEGA-CITY TRAFFIC...

Klick!

...THEN YOU'LL KNOW THE LAST DINNER GUEST HAS BEEN PUT AWAY.

*'COS THERE'S ALWAYS SOME **JUDGE** WHO'LL TURN UP TO SAY —*

YOU'RE DOIN' **TIME**, CREEPS!

***SPUGBUG** — SAFER TO STICK TO THE AFTER DINNER MINTS!*

K

NEXT PROG: **SOME HATE IT HOT!**

JUDGE

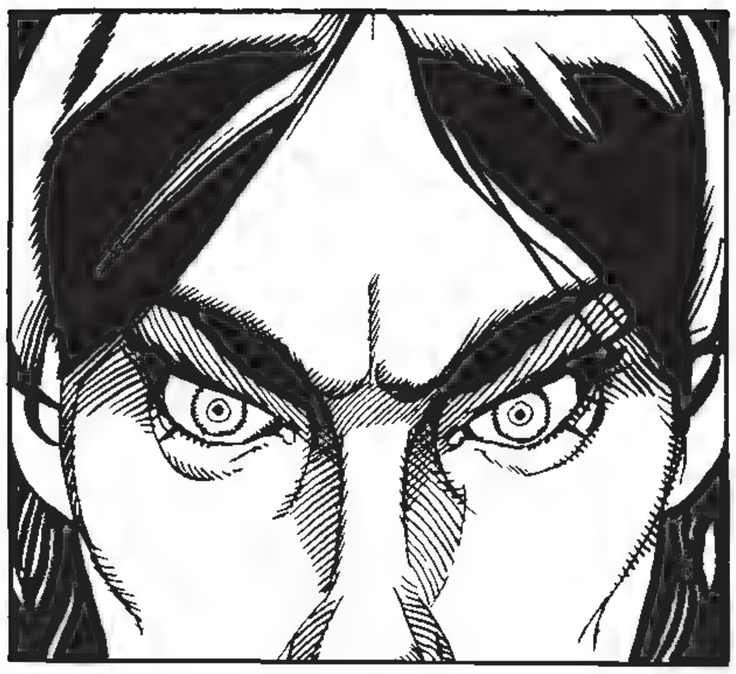
WOTCHA GOT IN THE **BAG**, JUVE ?

JOS' SOME GROCERIES! KEEP BACK, MEESTER — I DON' WAN' NO TROBBLE!

AAAAH!

YOU SHOULDN' HAVE DONE THAT, MEESTER!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME



YOU MAKE ME MAD!
AAAAAAAA

DIDJA SEE THAT, **LUG**? HE JUST LOOKED AT HIM AND THE VAG WENT UP LIKE A TORCH!

SPUG

SPUG

IT'S THAT **NEW JUVE** FROM 16-66!

THE BODY IS DISCOVERED SOME TIME LATER –

VAGRANT.

BODY'S BURNT BEYOND RECOGNITION. WE'LL CHECK HIS TEETH OUT WITH DENTAL – SHOULD COME UP WITH SOME I.D.

CAUSE OF DEATH... **SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.**

THAT'S A LONG SHOT.

IT'S RARE, BUT IT HAPPENS. WE GET MAYBE 4 OR 5 CASES A YEAR.

IT'S CAUSED BY A BUILD-UP OF **FLAMMABLE VAPOURS** WITHIN THE SUBCUTANEOUS TISSUES. COMBUSTION TAKES PLACE FROM THE **INSIDE** OUT.

SEE HOW HIS CLOTHES ARE BARELY TOUCHED, WHILE 90% OF HIS BODY IS BURNT AWAY?

WHAT ABOUT FOUL PLAY? THERE ARE SOME PSIs – **PYROKINES** – WHO CAN TRIGGER THIS REACTION AT WILL.

SURE... BUT THEY'RE A DARN SIGHT RARER THAN SPONCOMS.

YOU FIND ONE, LET **PSI DIVISION** KNOW. COULD BE REAL USEFUL AGAINST THE SOVS!

DREDD

RAP! RAP! RAP!

16-66 VESTA

IS **PRIMO** COMIN' OUT TO PLAY ?

PRIMO ! EES SOME **DEELEENQUENTES** FOR YOU !

HIYA, PRIMO ! **LUG** AND **BEAU**, BLOCK WELCOMING COMMITTEE !

YOU GO INSIDE, GREASEBALL. WE'LL LOOK AFTER THE KID.

SAW THAT NEAT STUNT YA PULLED ON THE OLD VAG.

Y-YOU SAW ME ?

YEAH ! BETCHA WAS REAL **HOT STUFF** BACK IN **PUERTO NOVA** !

SO WE THOUGHT WE'D GET TOGETHER AN' HAVE SOME FUN. Y'KNOW, SPUG ABOUT A BIT.

MAKE LIFE HOT – **REAL** HOT – FOR PEOPLE.

NO !

MY **POWER** EES SECRET ! I MUS' NOT USE EET ! WE WAN' NO TROBBLE HERE !

SUIT YASELF.

SPUG

C'MON, LUG ! LET'S GO TELL THE JUDGES ABOUT HOTSHOT HERE. THEY AIN'T TOO KEEN ON **VAG-BURNIN'** DOWN AT JUSTICE DEPT !

SPECIALLY FROM IMMYGRANTS ! THEY **HATE** IMMYS ! PROB'LY **CUBE** THE WHOLE FAMBLY FOR THIRTY YEARS MIN !

DOWN WITH JONES!

W-WAIT !

OKAY, YOU WEEN. I... I DO WHAT YOU WAN'.

NOW YOU'RE COOKIN', HOTSHOT!

OH, AN' DON'T GET NO IDEAS ABOUT **BURNIN'** US, 'COS WE TOLD SOME PEOPLE, SEE. ANYTHING HAPPENS, THEY GO STRAIGHT TO THE LAW.

'SIDES, WE'RE WEARIN' **'BESTOS!**

YOU THINK OUR **PRIMO** HE BE ALL RIGHT WEETH THOSE **JUVOS**?

DON' WORRY. THEY LOOK LIKE GOOD KEEDS. THEY NO GET HEEM IN NO TROBBLE.

THAT **MOTHANE** TANK'LL DO!

NO! EES TROBBLE FOR SURE!

AW, WHO'S TO KNOW IT'S YOU?

I SAY **NO!**

AN' I SAY **YES** – OR IT'S THE JUDGES!

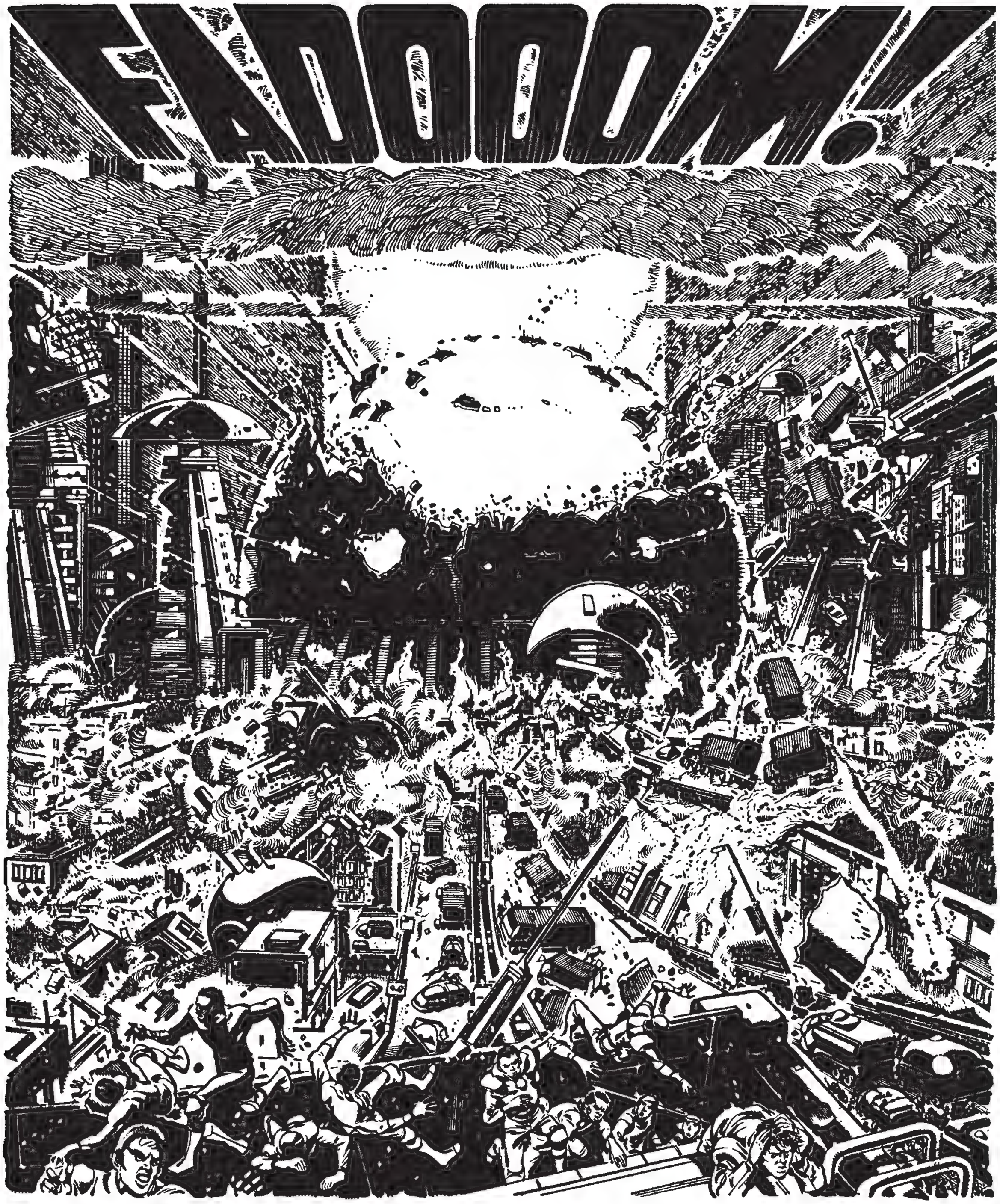
THE **CUBES**, HOTSHOT!

P-POR FAVOR – NO JODGES! I...I WEEL DO IT!

HE'S GIVIN' IT THE EYE!

C'MON, HOTSHOT!

BLOW, BABY, **BLOW!**


KABOOM!

AAAHH!

YIIEEE!

YAARGHH!

DROKK!

KEEP RIGHT

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT A CLASS ONE EMERGENCY, SECTOR 167! MOTHANE PLANT!

YABADABA! HE **DID** IT!

YEE-HAA! NOW WE'RE **REALLY** GONNA HAVE SOME FUN!

NEXT PROG:

THE EYES HAVE IT...

JUDGE DREDD

EMERGENCY TEAMS HAVE BEEN CALLED TO TACKLE A **METHANE BLAST** IN SECTOR 167 –

HOLOCAUST SQUAD TO **DISASTER CONTROL**! WE NEED MORE WAGONS – **PRIORITY ONE**!

WE GOT A **BARBECUE SITUATION** DOWN HERE!

STORY T B GROVER ART RON SMITH LETTERING T FRAME

NEARBY **JUDGE DREDD** INVESTIGATES A SUSPICIOUS DEATH –

VICTIM WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE BANK WITH THE DAYS TAKINGS. THERE'RE GONE. NO PRINTS ON HIS BAG.

CAUSE OF DEATH ?

ONCE AGAIN, BODY BURNT TO ASH WHILE THE CLOTHES ARE HARDLY SCORCHED. LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER **SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION**.

TWO IN ONE DAY – LESS THAN A KAY APART? IT DOESN'T WASH, PERSOL!

DREDD

THERE'S SOMETHING DECIDEDLY **UNSPONTANEOUS** GOIN' ON HERE!

CONTROL! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A **PYROKINE** WORKING 167. POSSIBLE LINK WITH THE MOTHANE BLAST.

I WANT A **FULL SECTOR CHECK** – ALL KNOWN PSIs, ANYONE WITH ARSON ON THEIR RECORD, INCOMERS TO THE SECTOR.

THAT'S PRIORITY **ONE!**

MEANWHILE –

WHAT A HAUL!

DID YA SEE THAT DULT'S FACE WHEN THE SMOKE STARTED COMIN' OUT HIS EARS? HAW HAW HAW!

FERD MARCOS BLOCK

YOU'RE REAL HOT STUFF FOR A SPIKKER, PRIMO! WE'LL BE DOWN TO PLAY WIT' YA AGAIN TOMORROW!

CHOW, PAL!

PRIMO!

WHAT EES WRONG, MY SON?

STEENKEENG SPOGS!

THEY MAKE ME USE **THE POWER!**

MADRE GRUD!

CONTROL TO DREDD! GOT THAT SECTOR CHECK – 2 PSIS, 37 PERPS WITH KNOWN PYROMANIACAL TENDENCIES, 126 INCOMERS TO SECTOR.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

FERD MARCOS BLOCK

BARDOT

OKAY! I'LL HANDLE BAROT! GET UNITS TO THE OTHER BLOCKS, INDIVIDUAL INTERROGATIONS!

FORST THEY MAKE ME BLOW OP THEES BEEG TANK...

AY YI YI! THAT WAS **YOU?**

THERE ARE OVER TWO HONDRED DEAD!

THEN...THEN THEY MAKE ME **KEEL** THEES MAN, SO THEY CAN STEAL HEES MONEY!

AN' TOMORROW - TOMORROW THEY SAY I MUS' DO MORE, OR THEY WEEL TELL THE **JODGES**, AN' WE ALL GO TO THE CUBE!

CUBA? WE DON' WAN' GO CUBA!

NO, PAPA! THE **ISOLATION CUBE!** THEY SAY WE GET THIRTY YEARS MEENIMUM!

SOB! WE LEAVE PUERTO NOVA TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THEES! NOW EES WORSER THAN EVER!

RAP! RAP! RAP!

SI...?

SHARBA

JUDGE! OPEN UP!

ALREADY THEY COME! **BUT I NO DO NO THIRTY YEARS MEEN!**

NO, PRIMO!

THE JUDGE'S HAND REACHES FOR HIS LAWGIVER -

DON' DO EET, SON!

DROKK! **BURNING** -

SHARBA TO CONTROL! 16-66 MARCOS –

AAAH!

PRIMO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

MEANWHILE, DREDD IS LEAVING BRIGITTE BAROT BLOCK –

CONTROL TO DREDD! JUDGE IN TROUBLE, 16-66 FERD MARCOS!

THINK WE'VE GOT OUR PYROKINE!

ON MY WAY!

AT THE VESTA APARTMENT –

EET'S MY BOY, PRIMO. HE... HE HAS THEES TERRIBLE POWER!

WHERE IS HE?

HE SAY WAS NO HEES FAULT – EES THE **SPOGS** ON THE TWENTIETH FLOOR! THEY MAKE HEEM DO THESE AWFUL THEENGS –

ON 20 –

HIYA, HOTSHOT! CAN'T WAIT TILL TOMORROW, HUH? COME FOR A LITTLE FUN!

FON! I GEEV YOU FON, YOU SCOMBAG!

THE MONEY!

YOU CRAZY SPIKKER!

WE WARNED YOU! WE'LL TELL THE LAW ABOUT YOU!

THE JODGES ALREADY KNOW!

YOU DIRTY SPOGS! WE COM' HERE TO MAKE THE NEW LIFE AN' YOU – YOU NO GOOD PEEG-DOG DEELEENQUENTERS – YOU SPOIL EVERYTHEENG!

BUT NOW YOU **PAY**!

N-NO!

DON'T MAKE THEM EYES AT US!

NOW EES YOUR TURN TO BURN!

HOTSHOT — PLEASE! WE'RE **PALS** —

AAAAAAHH!

PRIMO VESTA! SURRENDER! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH KILLING!

SI. JODGE. YOU RIGHT. TOO MUCH DEATH... I AM SEEK OF EET!

I SEE NOW THERE EES NO PEACE FOR ME HERE — NO PEACE FOR THE LIKES OF ME ANYWHERE. AN' I WEEL NOT ROT IN ONE OF YOUR CUBES FOR THIRTY YEARS MEEN!

EES BETTER EET END NOW!

DROKK! HE'S TURNING THE POWER ON HIMSELF!

AAAGHH!

ADIOS, CRUEL WORLD!

DREDD

BACK IN 16-66 -

SEGOVIA AND HECTORINA VESTA, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR COMPLICITY IN MURDER.

M-MURDER?

FAILING TO INFORM IMMIGRATION ABOUT YOUR SON'S ABNORMALITY MAKES YOU BOTH ACCESSORIES.

AY YI YI! WHY DID WE EVER LEAVE PUERTO NOVA?

MORE TO THE POINT, WHY DID **WE** EVER LET YOU **IN**?

DREDD

THIRTY YEARS!

MOVE!

NEXT PROG:

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER!

JUDGE DREDD

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

SUNDAY NIGHT, 2300 HOURS. JUDGES ARE OUT IN FORCE –

ITEM! CODE 299 ARRESTS SO FAR THIS SHIFT, 17,340.

ITEM! PSYCHO CUBES NOW FULL, 3, 14 AND 147. DIVERT YOUR KOOKS TO NEIGHBOURING SECTORS.

ITEM! ALL UNITS VICINITY **DWIGHT DEE** PLAZA, BE ON LOOKOUT FOR MAN IN RHINO SUIT.

CLAUDE BIGOT BLOCK

CODE 299 - CITIZEN AMOK.

ON THE STREETS, CATCH WAGONS ARE FILLING UP FOR THEIR THIRD OR FOURTH TRIP TO THE CUBES.

CATCH 22

SUNDAY NIGHT, MORE THAN ANY OTHER ON THE **GRAVEYARD SHIFT**, IS SPECIAL.

ON SUNDAY NIGHT THE **KOOKS** COME OUT TO PLAY –

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT VICINITY **ARTHUR KOESTLER** BLOCK. EIGHT PEOPLE ON LEDGE, 96TH FLOOR. BELIEVED TO BE **BLOCK KAMIKAZE CLUB**.

DREDD! I'LL TAKE IT!

TONIGHT, YOU SEE, IS THE NIGHT BEFORE **MONDAY**. THE NIGHT WHEN THE LUCKY FEW PACK THEIR LUNCH PAILS AND DOOFER BAGS IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT DAY'S TOIL.

THE NIGHT WHEN THE VAST MAJORITY - THE TEEMING MILLIONS OF **UNEMPLOYED** – LOOK OUT ON THE PROSPECT OF YET ANOTHER BLEAK WEEK, ANOTHER 7 SAD DAYS IN THEIR EMPTY, HOPELESS LIVES...

TWO THOUSAND **JOB APPS** – NOT ONE OFFER! NOT EVEN A LOUSY **INTERVIEW!**

DEAR CITIZEN FOULCLOUGH, I REGRET THE LAST NIDDLELOOM OPERATOR WAS REPLACED BY A ROBOT OVER 20 YEARS AGO.

DEAR CITIZEN, THANK YOU FOR YOUR JOB APPLICATION. GET LOST! YOURS

I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER

YES, IF A CITIZEN IS GOING TO CRACK, THE ODDS ARE IT'LL HAPPEN TONIGHT. IN MEGA-CITY ONE THEY CALL IT —

I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!

BOOT SPROG!

BARRUM!

WHAP!

DREDD TO CONTROL! YOU GOT ONE ON ICE, **KOESTLER EXIT.** 3 MONTHS, CRIM-DAM TO JOB SHOP WINDOW.

CATCH WAGON ON ITS WAY.

HOW ABOUT THOSE LEAPERS, DREDD?

I SEE 'EM. STAND BY.

LEVEL 96

VROOM!

ONE LEAP AHEAD

JUMP FOR JOY

JUMP!
JUMP!
JUMP!

ONE WAY

JUMP!
JUMP!
JUMP!

ALL RIGHT, YOU CREEPS! GET YOUR BUTTS BACK OVER HERE!

SKRIK!

DON'T TRY TO STOP US, JUDGE! THIS IS A SPONSORED LEAP!

IT'S AN **ILLEGAL** LEAP!

THUMP

DO WHAT YOU LIKE — **I'M TAKING IT ALL THE WAY!**

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK! THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS ROTTEN CITY FOR US!

ONE LEAP AHEAD

BUT HE'S A **JUDGE**, MORT...

I-I GUESS WE'D BETTER GO.

HECK! WE'LL GET SIX MONTHS AT LEAST!

YOU'RE DOWN FOR **BREACH** SO FAR. WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME AND I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT YOU! **NOW GET BACK IN HERE!**

OH NO! THE ROPE!
H-HELP!
STOP ME, JUDGE!
TWIPP!
YAAAAAAY
KWK RADI
RiKKi SAYS
HAVE A NICE DAY
LOOK OUT! HERE THEY COME!
SCRUB THOSE LEAPERS!
SPPLAAAAT!
CLEAN UP SQUAD TO KOESTLER PRECINCT!
YOU'RE DOING TWENTY, CREEP.
T-T-TWENTY YEARS! FOR BREACH?

BREACH WAS **BEFORE** YOUR PALS TOOK THE PLUNGE. NOW YOU'RE AN **ACCESSORY** TO **SEVEN DEATHS!**

2330. ON THE STREETS, BUSINESS IS BRISK.

OVER THE NEXT 60 MINUTES, **SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER** WILL BE AT ITS PEAK. JUDGES KNOW THIS AS "**THE HAPPY HOUR**".

ITEM! CODE 299 ARRESTS SO FAR THIS SHIFT, 22,992.

ITEM! PSYCHO CUBES NOW FULL, SECTORS 3, 8, 14, 113, 147 AND 208.

ITEM! ALL UNITS VICINITY DWIGHT DEE, BE ON LOOKOUT — **TWO** MEN IN RHINO SUITS.

BUT IT IS IN THE **SLUG AND GRISTLE** BAR THAT THE NIGHT'S WORST TROUBLE WILL SOON START —

A **JOB**, FRANK, THAT'S ALL I ASK! I'LL DO ANYTHING — GRIP SHIFFLIN', PLOPJACKIN' — SHOOT! I'D EVEN SCRUNGE STINKIN' DRIBVERTS!

BUT WILL ANYONE GIVE ME A CHANCE? WILL THEY HELL!

WATCH THIS CITIZEN. HER NAME IS **RUBY FOULCLOUGH.**

BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OUT, SHE WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF 15,000 PLUS CITIZENS.

NEXT : SPUG CRAZY!

JUDGE DREDD

SUNDAY NIGHT. 2345 HOURS. FOR THE CITY'S UNEMPLOYED MILLIONS ANOTHER BLEAK WEEK LIES AHEAD.

IF A CITIZEN'S GOING TO CRACK, IT'S LIKELY TO BE NOW. JUDGES CALL IT...

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER.

ANOTHER TWO FOR THE PSYCHO CUBES.

CONTROL! ANOTHER CATCH WAGON TO DWIGHT DEE! KOOKS COMIN' IN THICK AND FAST!

SCRIPT T B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

MEANWHILE, AT THE SLUG AND GRISTLE BAR, THE NIGHT'S BIG INCIDENT IS GERMINATING –

SLUG+GRISTLE

Y'KNOW, FRANK, I ALMOST HAD A JOB ONCE...

'ZAT SO, RUBY?

YEAH... CANARY-PERSON OVER AT WIFFIN GAS. NICE LITTLE NUMBER. NEARLY HAD IT TOO – THEN THEY GAVE IT TO SOME RAT CALLED MAC.

BOY, IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT MAC NOW!

DON'T FORGET YOUR CHANGE, MAC!

MAC!

MY NAME'S HEGGY.

DON'T GIMME THAT! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE THE SACK OF SCUM WHO **STOLE** MY **JOB!**

B-B-BUT-BUT -

SUITIN' YOU, IS IT? THEY TREATIN' YOU GOOD OVER AT **WIFFIN GAS**? THEY GOTTA BE, IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO DRINK **PIGWEISER!**

THAT'S **MY** PAYCHECK YOU'RE SPENDIN', HAIRBALL!

L-LOOK, I THINK YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG!

CRAC

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S GOT IT WRONG, MAC!

ZONK ZONK

YOU WON'T STEAL MY JOB IN A HURRY AGAIN! HUH, MAC? HUH?

ZONK

HE'S DEAD!

HE'S DEAD!

HE'S DEAD!

IT-IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I-I JUST COULDN'T TAKE ANYMORE!

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS!

HUH?

WHAT?

WHAT?

THERE'S A JOB GOIN' AT **WIFFINS!**

SLUG + GRIST

CONTROL TO DREDD! WE HAVE A **CODE 299** AT THE **SLUG** AND **GRISTLE**. REPORTS OF A SLAYING.

ON MY WAY.

AT THE BAR –

CONTROL! CITIZEN'S STILL ALIVE! SEND A **MED SQUAD** – PRIORITY ONE!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

IT WAS RUBY – **RUBY FOULCLOUGH.** ONE OF MY REGULARS. SHE JUST WENT SPUG CRAZY – TOUCH OF **SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER**, I GUESS. CLAIMED HE STOLE HER JOB OVER AT **WIFFIN GAS.**

WHEN SHE REALISED WHAT SHE'D DONE, SHE TOOK A POWDER.

FUNNY. I'VE KNOWN OLD HEGGY FOR 20 YEARS. NEVER WORKED A DAY IN HIS LIFE!

BAR USUALLY THIS EMPTY?

NAH. JOINT WAS JUMPIN'. BUT THEY'VE ALL GONE TO WIFFIN'S TO APPLY FOR THE JOB.

DROKK!

EMERGENCY CODE RED! WE HAVE A POSSIBLE **JOB RIOT**, WIFFIN GAS!

RUMOURS OF WORK SPREAD FAST IN MEGA-CITY ONE –

VACANCY AT WIFFINS!

BY THE TIME THE MOB REACHES WIFFIN GAS IT IS SEVERAL THOUSAND STRONG –

WE COME ABOUT THE **JOB!**

STOP

NO WAY

ED

YOU CAN'T COME IN ! THERE IS NO JOB !

ROY ROGERS BLOCK

LYING ROBOT !

WORK ! WE WANT WORK !

CHAAAARGE !

KRAK !

CONTROL ! HURRY UP WITH THOSE RIOT SQUADS ! THEY'RE IN !

HEY, YOU ! WHO DO WE SEE ABOUT THE JOB ?

WH-WHAT JOB ?

CANARY-PERSON ! YOU KNOW, THE GUY WHO BREATHES THE AIR. IF HE DIES, THE ROBOTS KNOW THERE'S A GAS LEAK.

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. I'M CANARY-MAN HERE. THE NAME'S **MAC.**

MAC?

THEN THE GUY IN THE BAR WASN'T YOU?

YOU HEAR THAT? THEY LIED TO US. THERE'S NO STINKIN' JOB!

NO JOB! THEY SHOULDN'T OUGHTA GET AWAY WITH IT!

SMASH THE PLACE UP!

NO! STOP —

WHAP!

SHUT IT, MAC! YOU'RE AS MUCH TO BLAME AS ANYONE!

SKRAANG!

FSSSS

YOU MANIACS! THAT'S RODENTINE SEWER GAS! IT'S LETHAL!

AHHHH!

NEXT: SUNDAY NIGHT SLAUGHTER!

JUDGE DREDD

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER

IT STARTED WITH A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY AND A NON-EXISTENT JOB VACANCY. IT ENDED IN DISASTER... THE NIGHT 15,000 PLUS CITIZENS CAME DOWN WITH A SERIOUS CASE OF. . .

NO THRU

WARNING! GAS ESCAPE!

STAY IN YOUR BLOCKS! SEAL ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS!

RODENTINE IS LETHAL! REPEAT, LETHAL!

HA HA

SCRIPT T.B GROVER
ART CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING T FRAME

MIDNIGHT, SUNDAY. AT WIFFIN GAS AN ENRAGED JOB MOB VENTS ITS IRE UPON THE PROCESSING PLANT –

DON'T BREAK THAT PIPE, YOU MANIACS! IT CARRIES RODENTINE SEWER GAS!

AAAHH!

THE GAS RUSHES OUTWARDS, DEVOURING THE MILLING MOB –

STOP

FOR THEM, THE MISERY OF UNEMPLOYMENT IS AT AN END.

RODENTINE!

:CHOKE: RESPIRATOR'S NO GOOD!

EMERGENCY! MAJOR GAS LEAK AT WIFFFFFFF –

DATE

THE GAS DRIFTS DOWN OVER THE UNSUSPECTING INHABITANTS OF SKUDMOOR BOTTOM –

WOODY GUTHRIE

ERNIE KOVIAKS

JOHN LENNON

HEY...

MISTY TONIGHT.

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAMME TO BRING YOU AN URGENT JUSTICE DEPT WARNING.

A MASSIVE CLOUD OF **RODENTINE** GAS IS NOW DRIFTING OVER THE SKUDMOOR BOTTOM AREA. KEEP ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS TIGHTLY CLOSED. RODENTINE IS **LETHAL.**

AND NOW IT'S BACK TO MIKE MOKE'S MAD HALF HOUR!

H-WAGONS ARMED WITH **NEUTRALISING AGENTS** RUSH TO THE SCENE –

PRIME

BOB DYLAN

BLOCK

SPECIAL CHEMICAL SQUAD REPORTING, DREDD!

PLUG THAT LEAK!

CRUNCH!

KRAKKK!

HERE IT IS!

SHUT OFF THE VALVE!

OKAY, DREDD, SHE'S CORKED! WE'LL NEUTRALISE IN HERE!

WITHIN MINUTES THE REMAINDER OF THE GAS IS MADE SAFE —

I'D ESTIMATE FIFTEEN, MAYBE TWENTY THOUSAND DEAD. AND ALL BECAUSE OF SOME JOB VACANCY THAT NEVER WAS!

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER, REDDING -

IT'S A KILLER.

SOON, AT THE HOME OF RUBY FOULCLOUGH -

YOU'VE... COME TO ARREST ME.

YOU SAID IT.

I'M SORRY, JUDGE. I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL THAT MAN.

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS - YOU DIDN'T.

HE SURVIVED?

THE BAD NEWS IS - 15,000 OTHERS **DID** DIE AS A RESULT OF THE **JOB RIOTS** YOUR ACTIONS SPARKED OFF.

IN A WAY, RUBY FOULCLOUGH IS LUCKY. FOR HER, UNEMPLOYMENT IS NO LONGER AN ISSUE.

FOR MILLIONS OF OTHERS, UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE AT LIBERTY, THE AGONY MUST CONTINUE.

JIM LAWRIE BLOCK

The End

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING
T FRAME

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA CITY NECROPOLIS

FOR A HEFTY FEE TO JUSTICE DEPT COFFERS, RECENTLY BEREAVED FAMILIES CAN SAVE THEIR DEAR ONES FROM THE INDIGNITIES OF **RESYK**.

FOR A FURTHER HEFTY FEE, THE BODIES ARE LOVINGLY PRESERVED IN THE **MEGA-CITY NECROPOLIS**.

THOUGHT I'D BETTER CALL YOU IN, **JUDGE DREDD**. NOTICED SOMETHING **PECULIAR** ABOUT ONE OF OUR **DECEASED**.

AS YOU KNOW, ALL OUR BODIES ARE CHEMICALLY **PRESERVED** TO KEEP THEM IN **TIP TOP** CONDITION FOR **CENTURIES**.

THIS WAY, PLEASE – THE **SMELD VAULT**.

RON & NANCE GONE CRUISING WITH GRUD

SMELD

IT'S **HAGATHA SMELD**. THE PRESERVATIVE HASN'T WORKED.

FAULT IN YOUR PROCESS ?

IMPOSSIBLE. THE ONLY THING THAT COULD CAUSE SUCH DECAY IS THE PRESENCE IN THE BODY OF CERTAIN CHEMICAL RESIDUES – SPECIFICALLY THE **AGEING POISONS, ATROPHA** AND **DEMENTINE**.

RATO SMELD IV

SO SOMETHING SMELLS, AND IT'S NOT JUST HAGATHA.

OKAY, BOX HER UP, I'LL TAKE HER WITH ME.

JUSTICE DEPT FORENSIC TESTS REVEAL HEAVY DEPOSITS OF **DEMENTINE** -

IT LOOKED LIKE A NATURAL DEATH, BUT THE DRUG WAS SPEEDING UP HER AGEING PROCESS - KILLED HER THIRTY OR FORTY YEARS BEFORE HER TIME.

THEN IT'S **MURDER!**

MOST LIKELY SUSPECTS ARE THOSE WHO BENEFITTED FROM THE OLD GIRL'S WILL - HER NEPHEWS **LYMESWOLD** AND **HISLOP**, AND HER NIECE **DEZIBELLE**.

LET'S HAUL 'EM IN.

RELATIVELY SOON -

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, JUDGE DREDD?

MURDER, CITIZEN.

ONE OF YOU - OR ALL OF YOU - SLOWLY POISONED YOUR AUNT TO DEATH IN ORDER TO INHERIT HER FORTUNE. I WANT TO KNOW **WHO**.

AUNT HAGGY!

WAS IT **YOU**?

DON'T ANSWER, DEZI! ADMIT OR DENY NOTHING! HE'S GOT HIS **LIE DETECTOR!**

REFUSING TO ANSWER IS TANTAMOUNT TO ADMITTING GUILT.

IT'S NOTHING OF THE KIND! I'M A LAWYER - I KNOW! WE'RE NOT OBLIGED TO UTTER A SINGLE WORD UNLESS WE WANT TO!

WISE GUY, HUH? OKAY - YOU FIRST FOR THE INTERROGATION CUBES!

EVEN UNDER INTENSIVE BROWBEATING THE SMELDS DO NOT CRACK -

WHEN DID YOU FIRST ADMINISTER THE POISON?

I'M NOT SAYING A WORD.

THEN YOU'RE CLAIMING TO BE INNOCENT?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRICK ME! I'VE ABSOLUTELY NO COMMENT TO MAKE!

I'M SICK OF WASTING MY BREATH ON YOU, LYMESWOLD. IT'S TIME FOR THE **TRUTH DRUG.**

Y-YOU CAN'T USE THAT ON ME!

HISLOP TOLD US! YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE **DEFINITE PROOF** OF INVOLVEMENT IN A CRIME BEFORE YOU CAN USE **TRUTH DRUGS** OR **DREAM MACHINES** OR ANYTHING OF THAT NATURE!

LOOKS LIKE THAT SMART MOUTH LAWYER'S GOT YOU BEAT.

KIND OF LOOKS THAT WAY.

THE SMELDS ARE RELEASED -

DON'T REST EASY. THIS CASE ISN'T CLOSED YET.

THERE BETTER NOT BE ANY HARASSMENT, DREDD!

I'LL GIVE 'EM HARASSMENT!

GET ME **ROBOTICS!**

THAT NIGHT, AT **SMELD TOWER**, A SMALL CELEBRATION –

I THINK YOU HANDLED THINGS ADMIRABLY, HIZZY!

REMEMBER – DON'T SAY A WORD THAT MIGHT INCRIMINATE US, EVEN NOW. I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST THE JUDGES TO HAVE THE HOUSE **BUGGED!**

TO AUNT HAGGY – MAY SHE REST IN PEACE!

CRASH!

WH-WHAT WAS THAT?

KRUNCH

A-AUNT HAGGY!

OH MY LIFE!

YOU... KILLED... ME!

NOW-YOU-MUST-PAY!

NO!

PLEASE! IT WASN'T MY IDEA! IT WAS **HISLOP!** AND **DEZI** GAVE YOU THE **DEMENTINE.** I'M **INNOCENT!**

LIAR! IT WAS YOU WHO **BOUGHT** THE POISON!

QUIET, YOU FOOLS!

THE BODY MIGHT BE BUGGED!

OH NO! **ROBOTICS!**

THE EYES - THEY'RE **CAMERAS!**

OKAY, DREDD, WE HAVE A **CONFESSION.**

PICK 'EM UP!

SO ALL YOUR MONEY AND YOUR SMART TALK COULDN'T HELP YOU EVADE JUSTICE.

IT'S A DIRTY TRICK, WIRING UP OUR POOR AUNT.

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO FIGHT DIRTY TO CATCH THE **REAL** SCUM.

BESIDES, I RECKON THAT'S THE WAY SHE'D HAVE WANTED IT.

NEXT PROG:
RON REAGAN: AFTERMATH!

RON REAGAN BLOCK FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM, WHERE THE DARK JUDGES HAVE RECENTLY STRUCK –
ALL AVAILABLE UNITS CONVERGE ON DUNC RENALDO ZOOM STOP! DARK JUDGES AT LARGE!
JUDGE DREDD
DREDD HERE. YOU WANT ME IN ON THIS?
NEGATIVE. RENALDO'S TOO FAR. TAKE CHARGE OF THE CLEAN-UP AT REAGAN.
WILCO.
100 FUN BOUTIQUE
MEMORY LANE
CORDON OFF THE WHOLE MALL!
JOHNSON-MATHIE – KEEP THOSE CROCKS MOVING. LET'S GET THIS BLOCK BACK TO NORMAL.
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS. BACK ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS. PANIC'S OVER!
LOT OF THESE ELDSTERS ARE SUFFERING FROM SHOCK, DREDD.
RUN 'EM UP TO THE BLOCK CLINIC. CROWDED ENOUGH HERE WITH THE STIFFS.
GOLDEN GOLDIES FASHION HOUSE
WHEELCHAIR CUSTOMIZING
BODY SHOP
MEGAVIT SUPPLIES
VITAPILL FOR AN ACTIVE LIFE
RUBAL HERSHY'S STRANGE LAND EMPORIUM
WE GOT 217 DEAD IN TOTAL – 93 OF THEM INCINERATION VICTIMS. JUDGE FIRE HAD THE HIGHEST KILL RATE.
YOU CAN I.D. 'EM FROM DENTAL RECORDS.
TROUBLE IS, A LOT OF THESE CROCKS HAVEN'T GOT ANY TEETH!
SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART IAN GIBSON
LETTERING T. FRAME

IN MEGA-CITY ONE, SEARCHING DISASTER VICTIMS FOR EVIDENCE OF PERSONAL CRIME IS STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE –

WE'VE GOT THE USUAL BATCH OF CONCEALED WEAPONS. ALMOST CERTAINLY FOR SELF-DEFENCE.

WON'T DO ANY HARM TO CHECK RELATIVES IN THE BLOCK – IF ONE MEMBER OF A FAMILY CARRIES, CHANCES ARE THEY ALL DO.

THIS ONE WAS CARRYING **BANNED ELDZINES.**

MARIETTI – SEARCH THE BLOCK 'ZINE SHOP. PROBABLY DOING THEM OUT OF THEIR BACK ROOM.

INTERESTING ONE HERE, DREDD. CREEP'S CARRYING A **MILLION CREDS** CASH.

WHAT'S HE DOING IN REAGAN ANYWAY ? HE CAN'T BE OVER 40... BETTER RUN HIS PRINTS THROUGH THE COMPUTER.

NO NEED. I KNOW HIM. **BO HANNON** – LIEUTENANT FOR **DUFF DEMSEY'S** MOB.

DEMSEY AND HIS BROTHERS – **DUD** AND **MICKIE** – DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO WHEN WE WERE ABOUT TO BUST THEM. WE FIGURED THEM FOR DEAD... BUT COULD BE THEY'RE JUST HIDING OUT. MAYBE **HANNON** WAS BRINGING THEM THE DAY'S TAKE...

HIDING HERE ? IN A **CROCK** BLOCK ?

WHAT BETTER COVER COULD THEY FIND ?

COMPUTER – RUN A CHECK ON ALL **REAGAN** RESIDENTS.

I WANT TO KNOW ANY BREAK IN NORMAL PATTERNS. ANY BEHAVIOURAL CHANGES THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN THE PAST TWO MONTHS.

RUNNING...

ITEM! THIS MIGHT BE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR - THREE BROTHERS, **ALPHONSE**, APARTMENT 3130, HAVEN'T CASHED A WELFARE CHEQUE SINCE THE DAY AFTER **DEMSEY** DISAPPEARED.

LET'S CHECK IT!

WITH PRACTISED EFFICIENCY, **FORENSIC** SWIFTLY WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH THEIR CASE LOAD -

THESE ONES ARE CLEARED. TAKE 'EM TO **RESYK**.

WHILE ELSEWHERE, BEREAVED RELATIVES ARE INFORMED -

I'D LIKE TO OFFER MY SYMPATHIES FOR YOUR TRAGIC LOSS, MRS ZANDER.

NOW WOULD YOU CARE TO EXPLAIN WHERE YOUR HUSBAND GOT THIS WEAPON - AND WHY **YOU** NEVER **REPORTED** IT?

GULP!

AT APARTMENT 3130 -

TAKE 'EM!

CRASH!

THIS IS A BUST!

UP AGAINST THE WALL! SPREAD 'EM!

THEY'RE CLEAN, DREDD.

OKAY, YOUR NAMES! LET'S HAVE 'EM!

A-A-**ALPHONSE** – **EBNER ALPHONSE!** THESE ARE MY BROTHERS **ARCH** AND **JAS!**

LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT – THEY'RE **NOT** THE DEMSEYS.

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU CASH YOUR WELFARE CHEQUES?

DIDN'T NEED TO. **ARCH** HAD A BIG WIN AT THE **BITE FIGHTS** –

OH DEAR!

YOU SAID IT, CREEP!

BITE FIGHTING'S ILLEGAL – SO'S GAMBLING – SO'S LIVING OFF THE PROCEEDS!

RUN 'EM IN!

DAMN! I WAS **SURE** WE HAD DEMSEY!

ATTENTION, DREDD!

IN THE MALL THE CLEAN-UP OPERATION IS NEARING COMPLETION –

JUST RUN A CHECK ON ONE OF THE LAST VICTIMS. **HOVER PASS** IDENTIFIES HIM AS ONE **CRAB MATTHEWS SNR.** BUT HIS **FINGERPRINTS** SAY HE'S **DUD DEMSEY.**

DEMSEY!

HE WAS PROBABLY DOWN HERE TO MAKE THE PICK-UP FROM **HANNON**. HE'S UNDERGONE **FACE CHANGE** SURGERY, OF COURSE.

HIS APARTMENT'S DOWN AS 4322. LIVES WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

ON MY WAY!

WHAT'S KEEPING DUD? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! I KNOW IT!

RELAX, DUFF! SOUNDS LIKE HIM AT THE DOOR NOW...

KER-RASH!

JUDGE DREDD!

BLAM!

DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER!

WHICH ONE'S THIS?

MICKIE.

KIND OF DRASTIC DISGUISE.

YEAH, WELL, AFTER WE POPPED OFF THE MATTHEWS DAME, **SOMEBODY** HAD TO TAKE HER PLACE.

IN A WAY I'M GLAD YOU CAUGHT US. IT WAS CRACKING ME UP, HIDIN' OUT IN A CROCK BLOCK... ALL THIS CASH AN' NOTHING TO SPEND IT ON BUT PAN DROPS AN' WRINKLE CREAM!

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS, DEMSEY - AT LEAST YOU GOT SOME PRACTICE IN.

BY THE TIME YOU GET OUT OF THE **CUBES** YOU'RE GOING TO BE JUST THE RIGHT **AGE** FOR A CROCK BLOCK!

NEXT PROG: **EXAMINATION SPECIAL!**

JUDGE DREDD

AT MEGA-CITY ONE'S **ACADEMY OF LAW** –

CADET BRISCO, YOU ARE ABOUT TO UNDERGO YOUR **THIRTEENTH ASSESSMENT** TO DETERMINE YOUR FITNESS TO CONTINUE CADETSHIP.

THE ASSESSMENT WILL TAKE THE FORM OF AN **ON-STREET INVESTIGATION** IN WHICH YOU WILL DIRECT THE ACTIONS OF A SENIOR JUDGE – IN THIS CASE **JUDGE DREDD**.

RAM TUTOR

SCRIPT T.B. GROVER
ART RON SMITH
LETTERING T. FRAME

ARE YOU READY ?

YES, SIR.

PATCHING YOU THROUGH –

DREDD APPEARS ON SCREEN –

I HAVE BEEN CALLED TO **MORAN WALK** IN SECTOR 22, WHERE THE BODIES OF THREE JUVES HAVE BEEN FOUND. WHAT IS MY COURSE OF ACTION ?

EXAMINE BODIES TO ESTABLISH I.D. AND CAUSE OF DEATH. SUMMON FORENSIC TO MAKE A THOROUGH ANALYSIS. INTERROGATE BYSTANDERS.

A SPY IN THE SKY CAMERA LINKS DREDD TO THE ACADEMY –

VICTIMS BEAR MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS, STAB AND SLASH WOUNDS. NO I.D.S, BUT ALL WEAR JACKETS BEARING THE NAME "**DEB RIX SPUGS**".

COMMENTS ?

BEARS THE HALLMARKS OF A **JUVE GANG** SLAYING. THE **SPUGS** ARE A **RIX** BLOCK OUTFIT. TRADITIONAL RIVALS, **FRANKIE WILSON** BLOCK **WEATHERBOYS**.

YOU'VE GOT SOME LOCAL KNOWLEDGE HERE, CADET ?

YES, SIR. I WAS BORN ON THE **BOUGH ESTATE**, IN **RUSSELL GRANT**. I BELIEVE MY PARENTS STILL LIVE THERE.

MEMBERS OF THE CROWD IDENTIFY THE VICTIMS AS THE **KEE BROTHERS** –

ANYONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED ?

I DON'T NEED TO SEE TO KNOW WHO KILLED THEM – THE STINKIN' **WEATHERBOYS** ! THEY AMBUSHED 'EM – CHOPPED 'EM DOWN – THAT'S THEIR STYLE !

RIX

DREDD

BUT **THE SPUGS'LL** FIX 'EM ! THE BOYS ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY ! I'D BE THERE MYSELF BUT FOR THIS RECENT AMPUTATION !

NEXT MOVE ?

PROBABLE JUVE CONFRONT. REQUEST BACK-UP FROM CONTROL AND MAKE FOR **WILSON BLOCK.**

FIRST, ARREST YOUR INFORMANT.

CHARGES – FAILURE TO REPORT IMPENDING CRIME, USE OF THREATENING LANGUAGE.

WELL SPOTTED. **SENTENCE** ?

TWELVE MONTHS EACH COUNT.

H-HEY ! WHAT **IS** THIS ?

*DREDD LEAVES HIS PRISONER WITH THE INCOMING **FORENSIC SQUAD** –*

VRAMMMM

*AT NEARBY **FRANKIE WILSON BLOCK** –*

HELP !

THEY'RE FIGHTING IN THERE !

RUMBLE'S STARTED. NO BACK-UP YET. DO I WAIT ?

NO ! GO IN. HIT THEM HARD AND FAST ! BREAK THEM UP !

ON MY WAY !

BADAM! BADAM!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

JUDGE DREDD!

URGH! ZOK!

AAGH!

BLAM!

YOU'LL NEVER GROW UP THAT WAY, SONNY!

I DON'T THINK I'M GETTIN' **THROUGH** TO YOU CREEPS!

CADET BRISCO *IS DOING WELL. NOW, FOR A FEW MOMENTS, HE CAN RELAX AND WATCH THE* ***MASTER*** *AT WORK -*

THE PARTY'S OVER!

BY THE TIME BACK-UP ARRIVES, THE RUMBLE IS QUELLED -

OKAY, BRISCO, BACK TO YOU -

DREDD

INTERROGATE ALL WILSON JUVES REGARDING THE MURDER OF THE KEE BROTHERS. LOW-LEVEL PERPS... THEY SHOULDN'T TAKE MUCH CRACKING.

CONTROL TO DREDD! **FORENSIC'S** FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING GET BACK TO **MORAN WALK.**

BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE JUVE SLAYING -

SOMETHING STRANGE HERE, DREDD. SHAPE OF THE **KICK** WOUNDS DOESN'T CORRESPOND TO ANY KNOWN MAKE OF **JUVE BOOT** -

- WE'VE ALSO FOUND **GREY** HAIRS UNDER THE FINGERNAILS OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS. SKIN TRACES SUGGEST THE ASSAILANT WAS **OVER 60 YEARS OLD!**

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU, BRISCO?

HMM...COULD BE THE WORK OF AN **ELDSTER** GANG, TRYING TO LAY THE BLAME ON THE WILSON JUVES AND SPARK OFF A WAR.

GOOD. I AGREE.

WE'VE GOT A CLEAR **FINGERPRINT** FROM ONE OF THE VICTIMS' SHOULDERPADS. RUNNING IT THROUGH THE COMPUTER NOW.

HERE COMES A NAME -

CITIZEN **BETTIS BRISCO**, APARTMENT 9412, RUSSELL GRANT BLOCK.

BRISCO? ANY **RELATION**, CADET?

JENSEN

YES, SIR.

IT'S... IT'S MY... MOTHER.

THAT'S A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOKS.

NOW WE'LL REALLY SEE WHAT HE'S MADE OF.

DO YOU WISH TO DISCONTINUE THIS ASSESSMENT ?

NO, SIR. I'LL CARRY ON.

GOOD.

UNDER CADET BRISCO'S INSTRUCTIONS, DREDD CALLS AT THE APARTMENT –

BETTIS BRISCO ? I'M **ARRESTING** YOU FOR **CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.**

M-ME? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE !

DON'T LIE, MOTHER ! WE'VE GOT YOU BANG TO RIGHTS !

HAROLD...?

IS THAT **YOU** ?

HOW COULD YOU **DO** SUCH A THING, MOTHER ?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HAROLD ! YOU DON'T LIVE ON THE STREETS ! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S **LIKE** HAVING TO WALK IN **FEAR** ALL THE TIME !

THOSE WICKED JUVE GANGS, ALWAYS BEATING US AND MUGGING US – AND THE OLDER WE ARE, THE HARDER THEY HIT US !

BUT OUR **DARBY AND JOAN** DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH ! IT WAS TIME WE STRUCK BACK !

THERE'S NEVER A TIME TO BREAK THE LAW, MOTHER. I WANT YOU TO GIVE **JUDGE DREDD** THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF ALL THOSE INVOLVED !

INFORM ? NO !

IT HURTS ME TO DO THIS, MOTHER, BUT I MUST BE STRICT WITH YOU. WITHHOLDING EVIDENCE IS A CRIME...

SO I'M GOING TO START COUNTING. EVERY NUMBER I COUNT IS ANOTHER **YEAR** ADDED TO YOUR SENTENCE.

ONE.

HAROLD! YOU CAN'T-

TWO.

PLEASE, HAROLD, YOUR OWN MOTHER...!

THREE.

ENOUGH! STOP! I'LL TALK!

BETTIS BRISCO'S CONFESSION NAMES TWELVE OTHER RESIDENTS -

THERE ONLY REMAINS **SENTENCING**, BRISCO.

THEY'VE HAD SOME PROVOCATION, BUT NOTHING JUSTIFIES MURDER. **FIFTEEN YEARS APIECE.**

AND THIS ONE?

FIFTEEN YEARS, PLUS THE THREE. **EIGHTEEN YEARS.**

HAROLD, HOW CAN YOU DO THIS ? YOU'RE MY SON !

I WAS YOUR SON ONCE, MOTHER. NOW I'M A CADET JUDGE. MY FIRST ALLEGIANCE MUST BE THE LAW.

THIS ASSESSMENT IS AT AN END, BRISCO. YOU ARE DISMISSED. YOU WILL BE INFORMED OF YOUR GRADING IN DUE COURSE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

NIELSON

PAM

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DREDD ?

PASS. WITH DISTINCTION.

ANY CADET THAT CAN PUT HIS **MOTHER** AWAY FOR **EIGHTEEN** HAS GOT THE **MAKINGS** OF A **DAMNED FINE JUDGE.**

The End

JUDGE DREDD

ISO BLOCK 101—

PRISONER ***CASEY STEECH***, YOU HAVE SERVED ***20 YEARS*** IN THIS INSTITUTION. TODAY YOU LEAVE A ***FREE*** MAN, YOUR CITIZENSHIP RESTORED.

YOU WILL FIND MANY THINGS HAVE CHANGED OUTSIDE. ONE THING HAS ***NOT*** CHANGED. IF YOU ***RE-OFFEND***, YOU WILL BE ***ARRESTED*** AND ***PUNISHED*** WITH THE UTMOST ***SEVERITY***.

DON'T WORRY, I DON'T INTEND TO BE BACK HERE ***EVER***.

JUDGE ***DREDD*** WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR ***REHABILITATION*** BLOCK.

I THOUGHT I WAS FINISHED WITH YOU JUDGES. WHAT DO I NEED AN ***ESCORT*** FOR?

YOU MADE A LOT OF ENEMIES IN YOUR DAY, STEECH— MAINLY ***SHAMPAGNE CHARLIE***... THOUGH SINCE YOUR ATTEMPTED ***HIT***, THEY'VE BEEN CALLING HIM ***CYBORG*** CHARLIE.

BUT THAT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO!

YOU LEFT HALF OF CHARLIE'S FACE IN A ***MINCER***. YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO FORGET?

DREDD HERE! MOVING ***STEECH*** OUT NOW. ANY ACTION FROM THE ***CYBORG*** YET?

REHAB

SCRIPT
T.B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T JACOB

ONSLOW! I'M AT THE SPACEPORT. *CYBORG* NOW BOARDING THE LUNA ONE SHUTTLE.

LUNA-ONE

HE'S GETTING HIS *ALIBI* READY. LOOKS LIKE THE *HIT* IS DEFINITELY *ON*.

WATCHING BAY 1013! YOU GOT A *FOORD FLYER* COMING IN LOW ALONG *STRASSER!*

SHE'S TURNED INTO *ELDRIDGE*. SHE'S DEFINITELY ON YOUR TAIL!

FLIP!

I SEE IT!

BLATTABLATTABLATTABLATTA!

ROBOT AT THE CONTROLS— HE'S GOING TO *RAM*!

BIKE CANNON!

FADOOOMPH

CLEAN-UP SQUAD TO ELDRIDGE BRIDGE!

AHEAD, DREDD CATCHES THE GLINT OF METAL ON AN OVERPED—

SNIPER! DETOUR!

PTOOM!

REHAB

SNIPER ON THE OVERPED! BACK-UP UNITS *MOVE IN!*

WE GOT HIM, DREDD! ANOTHER ROBOT!

JUDGE

REHAB 101

REHAB 101– WE'RE COMING IN! OPEN ENTRYPORT!

REHAB

YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT *CHARLIE*, DREDD!

NOT SO EASY. THE CYBORG ALWAYS USES ROBOTS–NO EVIDENCE TO LINK HIM TO THE CRIME.

AT STEECH'S NEW QUARTERS—

HI! I'M *NIGEL*, YOUR REHAB COUNSELLOR. I'LL BE GUIDING YOU THROUGH YOUR READJUSTMENT PERIOD.

IT'S NOT *ME* THAT NEEDS THE READJUSTING!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE *CYBORG*. WE'LL BE ARRANGING A *FACE CHANGE* AND FITTING YOU WITH A NEW IDENTITY, SO YOU CAN NEVER BE TRACED.

THAT'S A RELIEF!

YOU CAN LEAVE HIM WITH US NOW, JUDGE. HE'S IN SAFE HANDS.

DREDD

FIRST THINGS FIRST, CASEY. YOUR FACE CHANGE—

WELL, NOT SO MUCH A CHANGE AS A *REMOVAL*—

JUST LIKE YOU DID TO CHARLIE!

CYBORG?

DREDD

HOLD IT!

BLAM!

DREDD

CRASH!

FZZT!

BZZT!

H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?

REHAB WAS TOLD THAT *SOMEONE* WAS AFTER YOU— BUT THE *CYBORG'S* NAME WAS NEVER MENTIONED. THAT'S *JUSTICE DEPT CLASSIFIED.*

NO DOUBT WE'LL FIND THE *REAL* COUNSELLOR'S BODY STASHED SOMEWHERE.

I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS, DREDD. *CYBORG CHARLIE'S* GOING TO FIND ME WHATEVER I DO. I WANT TO GO BACK TO MY *CUBE*, WHERE IT'S *SAFE!*

CAN'T DO THAT, STEECH. YOU'RE A FREE MAN NOW. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

NO WAY!

OKAY, CASEY. YOU WIN!

FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, CASEY STEECH CROSSES THE FORBIDDING PORTALS OF ***ISO BLOCK 101—***

THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE NEVER COMING BACK, STEECH?

CHANGED MY MIND, SIR—

WHAT I SHOULD'VE SAID WAS, I'M NEVER *LEAVING!*

NEXT PROG: CODE 99 RED— JUDGE AMOK!

JUDGE DREDD

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY **ELECTED** THE **JUDGES** TO BE OUR GUARDIANS – OR SO **THEY** TELL US...

BUT THE TRUTH IS, THE JUDGES ELECTED **THEMSELVES**!

SPEAKE SQUAR

WRITTEN BY T.B GROVER AND IAN KENNERY
LETTERING T FRAME

AND FAR FROM BEING OUR GUARDIANS, THEY ARE – AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN – OUR **JAILERS**!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE **SUBVERSION** TO ME, DREDD!

JUST A CITIZEN LETTING OFF STEAM, **SLEEVER**. HIS LEGAL RIGHT, 'LONG AS HE DOESN'T STRAY OUT OF THE SQUARE.

SLEEVER

DREDD

WELL I SAY THE CREEP'S GOT A BIG MOUTH! TIME IT WAS SHUT!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, DIRTWAD!

OOF!

EVERY DAY I RISK MY LIFE TRYING TO MAKE THE STREETS SAFE FOR CREEPS LIKE YOU! AND DO YOU APPRECIATE IT? NO!

BUT MAYBE YOU'LL APPRECIATE SOME OF **THIS** – STRAIGHTEN YOUR BRAIN OUT A BIT!

AM I GETTING **THROUGH** TO YOU, CITIZEN?

UURGH!

THAT'S AS MUCH AS I WANT TO SEE, SLEEVER! **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**

ARREST? FOR TEACHING THIS LITTLE WHINER A LESSON IN CITIZENSHIP? IT'S WHAT HE NEEDS – WHAT THEY **ALL** NEED!

YOU CAN ARGUE THAT OUT WITH THE **SHRINK**, SLEEVER. YOU'VE **CRACKED**. HAND OVER YOUR LAWGIVER.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S CRACKED, DREDD – YOU AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO'VE BEEN **PUSSYFOOTING** AROUND WITH THESE WORMS!

NO **WAY** I'M SUBMITTING TO ARREST! I'M RESUMING PATROL – WHETHER **YOU** LIKE IT OR NOT!

BIKE TO ME!

VRAAM

UUNNNGH!

DREDD TO CONTROL! EMERGENCY! 99 RED!

DREDD

CODE 99 RED – JUDGE AMOK – CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION.

SLEEVER LAST SEEN HEADING WEST ON **KAFKA!**

MULLER – RESPONDING!

FLINT – RESPONDING!

BONANO – RESPONDING!

THEY'LL BE COMING AFTER HIM. SLEEVER KNOWS THAT.

JOHN STANLEY

A FLEETING URGE TO TURN HIMSELF IN FLASHES THROUGH HIS MIND.

BUT WHY SHOULD HE? HE'S DONE NOTHING WRONG.

NO. IT WAS **THEY** WHO WERE WRONG. THEY'D BEEN GOING SOFT ON THE CITIZENS FOR FAR TOO LONG.

CITIZENS! NOT ONE OF THEM TO BE TRUSTED! EVERY ONE GUILTY — HIDING THEIR OWN DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS, TRYING TO MAKE A FOOL OF THE LAW.

BUT NO MORE!

YOU - C'MERE!

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, CREEP? PLANNING A HEIST, WERE YOU? A LITTLE SMASH AND GRAB?

I-I WAS JUST WINDOW-SHOPPING, SIR...!

LIAR!

THE SAME GOES FOR ALL OF YOU! YOU'RE ALL GUILTY!

UP AGAINST THE WALL! THERE'S NO ONE LEAVING TILL I'VE GOT A FULL CONFESSION!

CRASH!

CONFESS TO WHAT, SIR – URRGH!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR BACKCHAT!

SLEEVER

ATTENTION, SLEEVER! THIS IS YOUR CHIEF JUDGE!

SURRENDER NOW! GIVE YOURSELF UP! YOU'RE A SICK MAN, SLEEVER!

THE CHIEF JUDGE. OF COURSE! SHE WAS THE ONE **MOST** TO BLAME. **SHE** GAVE THE ORDERS. **SHE** MADE THE POLICIES. THE CREEPS WERE LAUGHING AT THE LAW AND IT WAS **HER** FAULT!

YOU'RE A **CANCER** IN JUSTICE DEPT, McGRUDER! YOU'VE GOT TO BE **EXCISED!**

I'M COMING FOR YOU!

DON'T GO AWAY! I'LL BE BACK!

CONTROL TO ALL UNITS! WE GOT A **RADIO FIX** ON SLEEVER – **JOHN STANLEY BLOCK!**

DREDD! I'VE GOT HIM –

DREDD

HE'S HEADING EAST ON BELGRANO!

AM IN PURSUIT!

SCREEE!

THERE HE IS!

SLEEVER! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!

DREDD!

BZ AM!

BIKE — ON AUTO!

KHUMMP!

SWEET MOLEY!

SMACK!

DREDD TO CONTROL! CANCEL THAT **99 RED**. HE'S IN THE BAG.

EVEN WITH THE MOST EFFECTIVE TRAINING IN THE WORLD, THE STRESSES OF THE STREETS CAN CAUSE A JUDGE TO CRACK. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, 22ND CENTURY PSYCHO TECHNOLOGY SWINGS INTO ACTION.

SLEEVER MAY NEVER RECOVER. BUT WITH LUCK - AND CAREFUL LASER SURGERY - SLEEVER COULD BE BACK ON THE STREETS WITHIN DAYS.

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IS TOO VALUABLE TO THROW AWAY.

YOU DIRTY RATS! YOU'RE ALL GUILTY! I'LL BE BACK! I'LL GET YOU!

NEXT PROG: **THE MIDNIGHT SURFER!**

2000 AD Prog 382: Cover by **Ron Smith**

2000 AD Prog 384: Cover by **Kim Raymond**

PROG 389
27 OCT 84

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

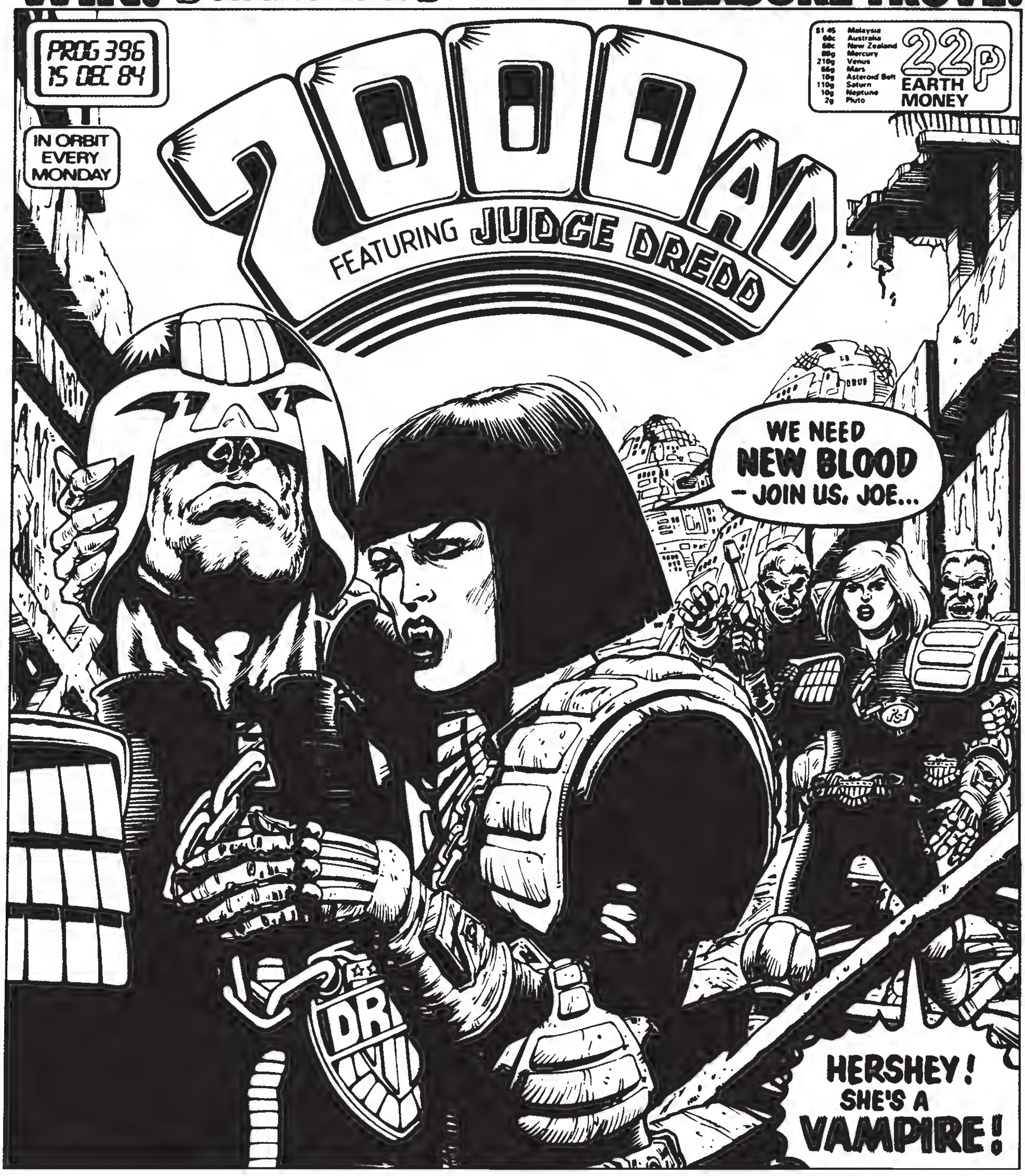
22p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD Prog 389: Cover by **Ron Smith**

2000 AD Prog 390: Cover by **Brett Ewins**

2000 AD Prog 394: Cover by **Ron Smith**

WIN! DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® TREASURE TROVE!

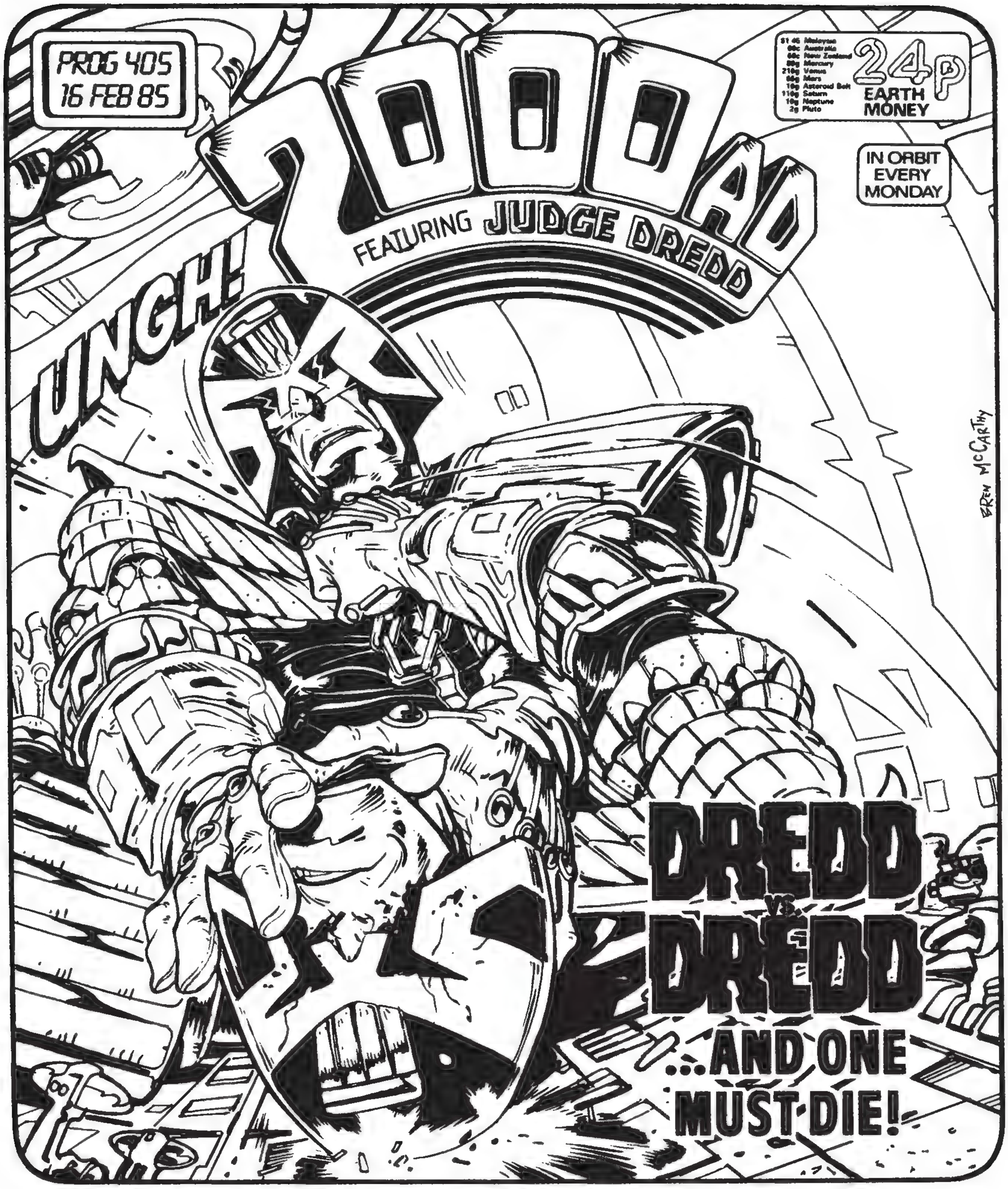


2000 AD Prog 396: Cover by **Robin Smith**

++CITY OF THE DAMNED — LET CHAOS REIGN! ++

2000 AD Prog 397: Cover by **Steve Dillon**

2000 AD Prog 402: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**



2000 AD Prog 405: Cover by **Brendan McCarthy**

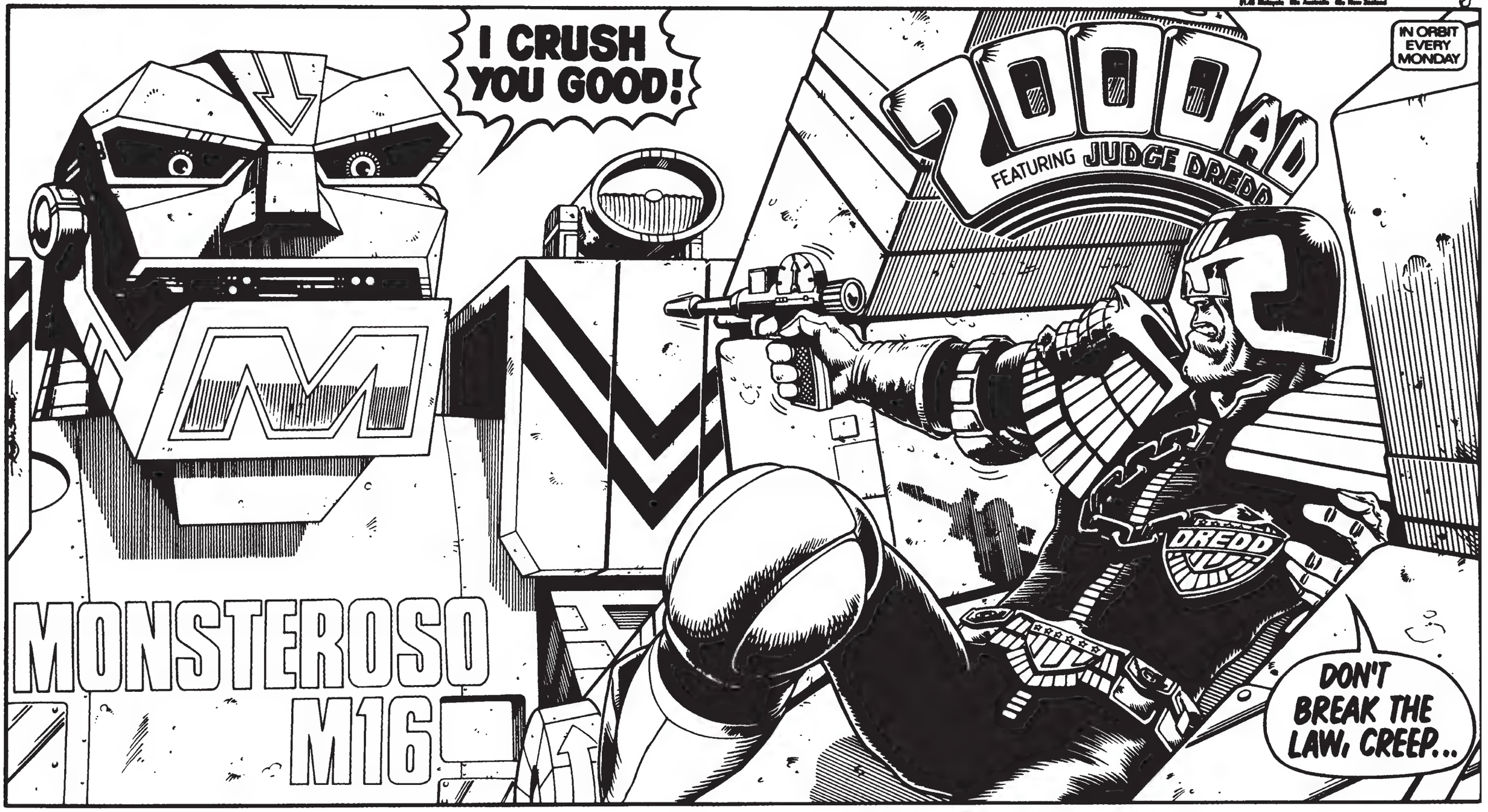
TO ACTIVATE

Borag Thungg, Earthlets! Here is another zarjaz pull-out poster for you to display on your bedroom wall. To detach the poster open the staples in the middle of the comic. Then, using a pair of sharp scissors, neatly trim off the sides up to the black line. Lastly, paste the poster on to a piece of cardboard which has been cut to size. Look out for another amazing cover poster soon!

PROG 412
6 APRIL 85

WHO'S PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON J.D?

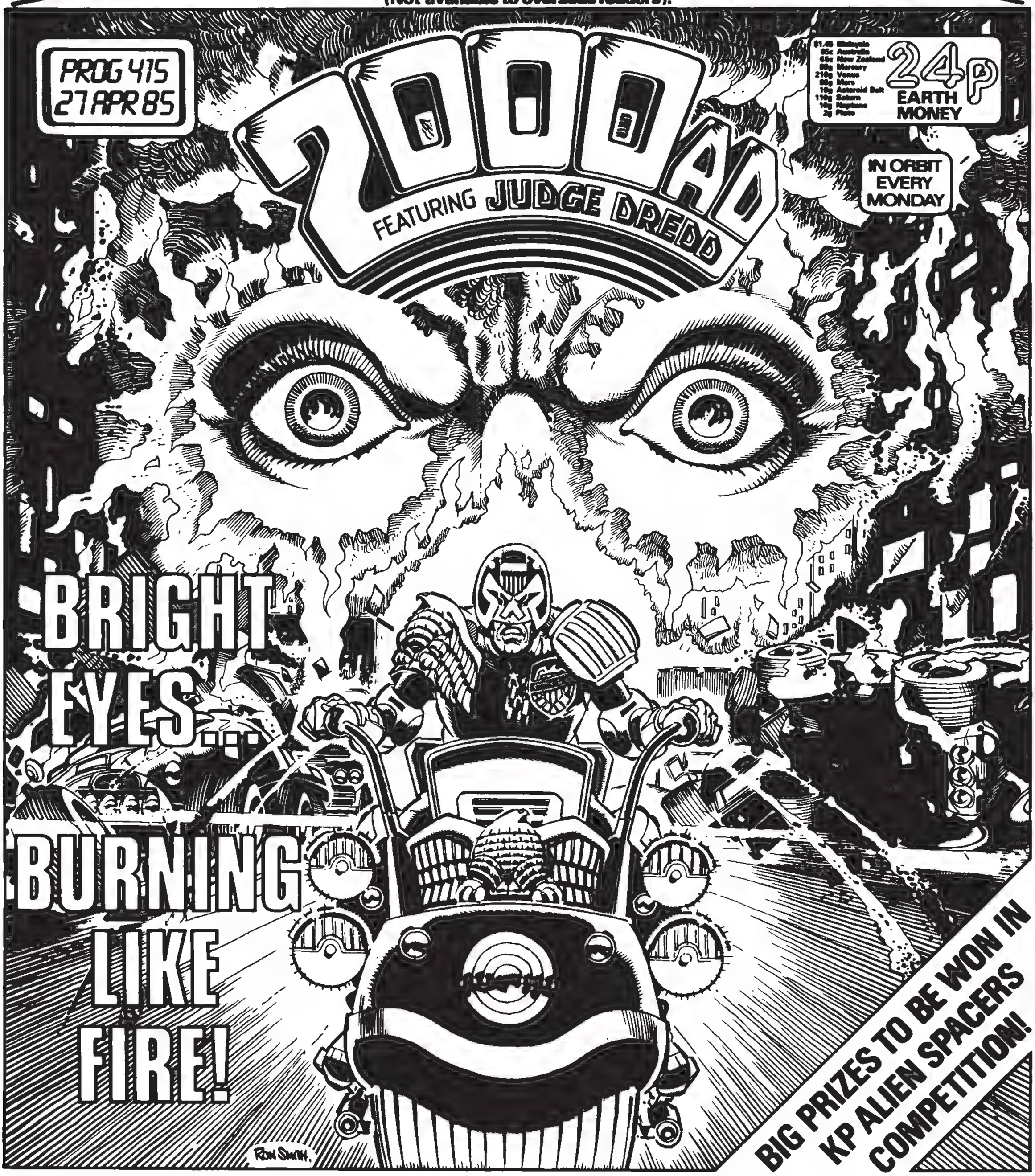
24p



2000 AD Prog 412: Cover by **Robin Smith**

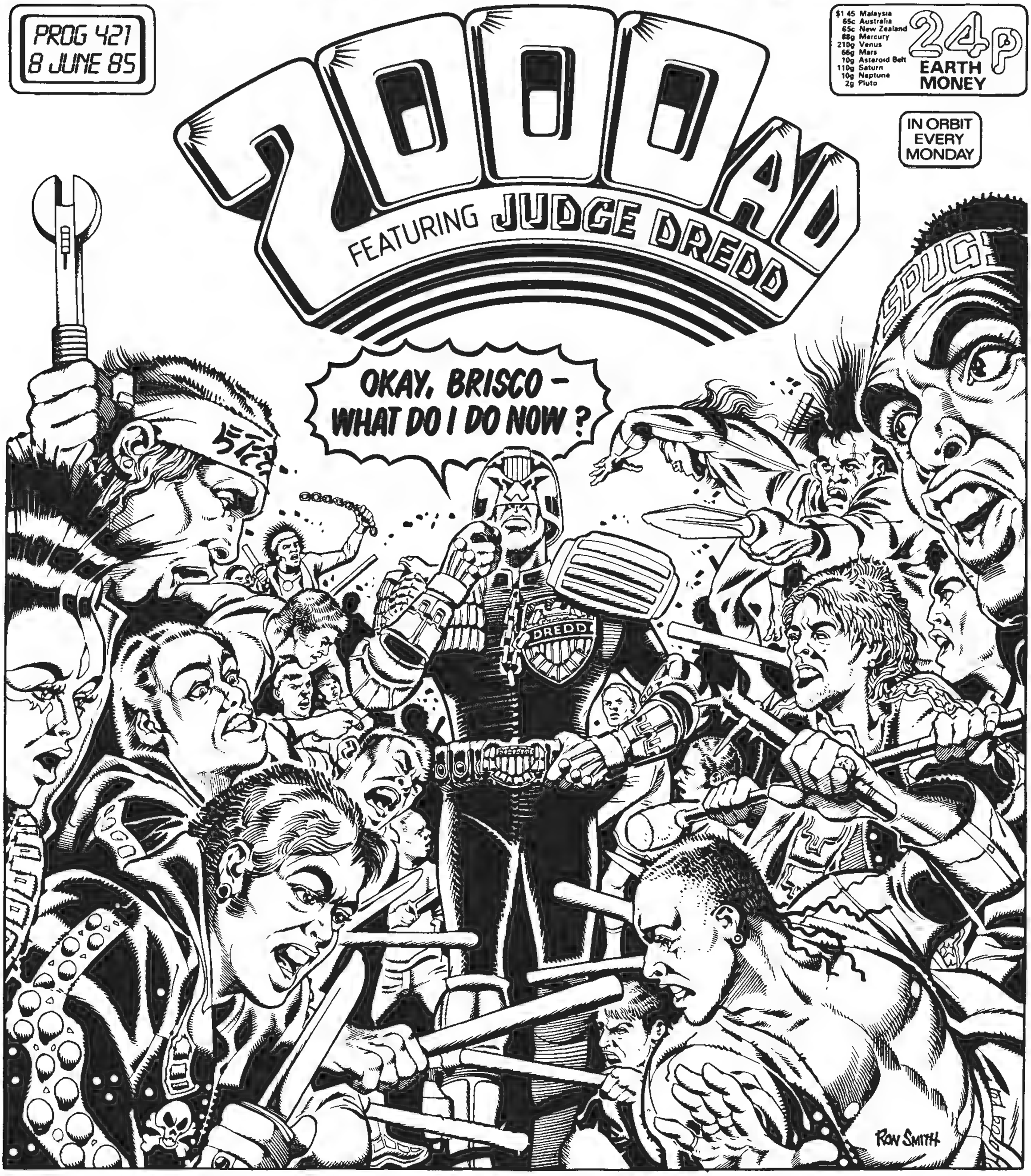
FREE INSIDE! 6 'MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE' STICKERS!

(Not available to overseas readers).



2000 AD Prog 415: Cover by **Ron Smith**

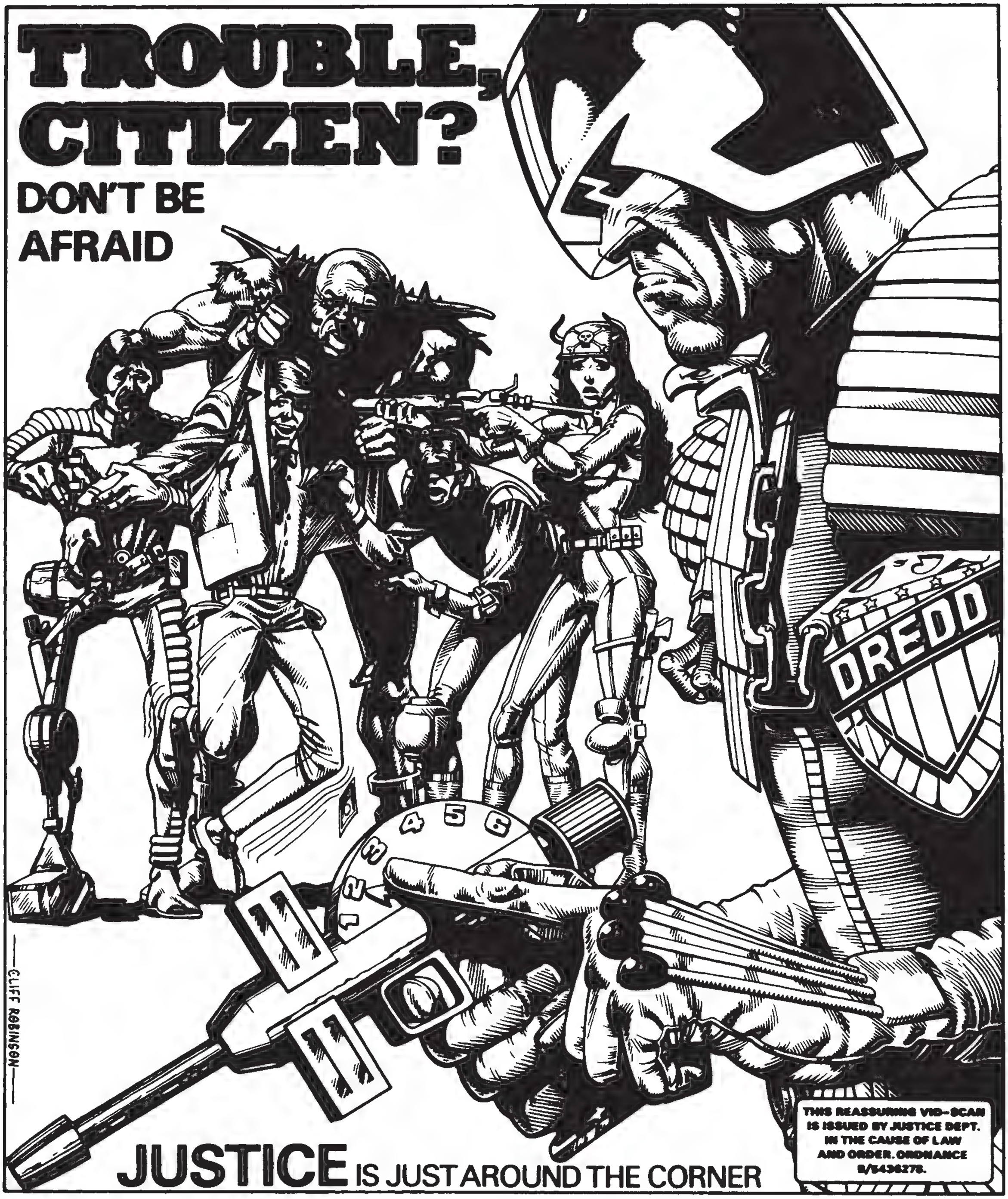
EXAMINATION SPECIAL: CADET IN CONTROL!



2000 AD Prog 421: Cover by **Ron Smith**

2000 AD Pin-up by **Steve Dillon**

DREDD AND ANDERSON IN AN EPIC NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHTMARE OF THEIR OWN FUTURE !



2000 AD Pin-up by **Cliff Robinson**

WRITERS

The only writer to even come close to John Wagner's astonishing *2000 AD* record is, perhaps unsurprisingly, his long-term writing partner **Alan Grant**. With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 Daily Star Judge Dredd strips – Grant's prolific creative record speaks for itself.

Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, and has also written *The Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *JLA: Riddle of the Beast*, *L.E.G.I.O.N.*, *Lobo*, *Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*.

John Wagner is, to many fans, the very heart of *2000 AD*. Involved from the earliest days of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, he co-created *Judge Dredd*, as well as a whole cast of other memorable characters. Wagner has worked extensively beyond the Thargian universe, originating and editing a number of British periodicals as well as writing many American standards. His Paradox Press graphic novel *A History of Violence* is now a major film from director David Cronenberg

ARTISTS

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce, who appears in several *Judge Dredd* stories. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Mean Arena*, *One-Off*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws' Robo-Tales* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD* 's Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Captain Britain*, *Deadline*, *Global Frequency*, *Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which is now enjoying great success in Cyberosia Publishing's new US edition.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/ Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*. His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Batman*, *Lobo*, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars*.

Ian Kennedy provided the art for various *2000 AD* strips including *Invasion!*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg's Future Shocks* and *M.A.C.H. 1*.

One of *2000 AD* 's best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

Kim Raymond illustrated various *2000 AD* strips including *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Time Twisters*.

Cliff Robinson is one of *2000 AD*'s longest-serving artists, having made his debut with a *Future Shock* way back in Prog 362! Since then, he has co-created *Mother Earth*, and illustrated numerous *Judge Dredd* strips, as well as *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Vector 13* and *Venus Bluegenes*.

Aside from his own co-created *Bad City Blue*, **Robin Smith** has illustrated *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Mean Machine*, *One-Offs*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Strontium Dog*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. He is also the illustrator of Paradox Press' *Green Candles*, and is co-creator of *The Bogie Man* with John Wagner and Alan Grant.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

JUDGE DREDD

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